1900

The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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The Morning Watch.

1900.

VOL XIII.

GREENOCK:
JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS.
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January, 1900. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 1.

The Careless Sentinel.

"The Morning Watch" for 1899, being Volume XII., with Index, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

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All that are with me salute thee.—Titus 3, 15.

DURING the Indian Mutiny in 1857 Sir Henry Durand and Colonel Travers, V.C., were compelled, by the treachery of some of the native troops under their command and the cowardice of others, to retreat from the Residency of Indore in Central India. The retreating garrison was but a little company, seventeen Englishmen in all, with eleven women and children, fourteen faithful native servants, and a small body of native cavalry. The mutineers who opposed them consisted of six hundred trained soldiers who had the sympathy and active support of all the people of the district. Yet so bravely and skilfully was the retreat conducted that on the fourth day, the little company marched into Sihor a hundred miles distant—in the hottest season of the year—without loss of life, or gun, or standard, or other trophy. The most anxious moment in their journey was that in which they entered the territory of the Begam, or lady-ruler, of Bhopal. Right ahead of them they saw her troops drawn up across the road and an immense crowd with them. They thought their last hour had come. The women and children were dismounted from the gun-waggons on which they had been riding, and the guns were got ready for action, when a messenger arrived to tell them that the troops had been drawn up as a guard of honour to salute them. No wonder Col. Travers says, "It *was* a relief."

As you enter the New Year I wish you to think of those who are saluting *you*.

Paul's letter to Titus is a letter to you and me. That is why God has kept it from being lost and given us a reading of it. It is not the dead Paul only that speaks, but the Paul who now lives with God. And though I don't suppose Paul meant this when he wrote the words eighteen hundred and forty years ago—"All that are with me salute thee"—yet I think we may rightly take them as a New Year's Salutation from him, and all who are with him, *in glory*, the innumerable company of Angels, the general assembly of the church of the first-born which are written in heaven, the spirits of just men made perfect, our fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and all our friends who are dead, and all the saints who know us though we don't know them. Many of them, while they were yet with us, we quarrelled with and grieved. Yet they all are on our side. And what do they, without exception, say to us? Just what Christ is always saying, "Come." We sometimes think that perhaps God does not really wish us to be saved and to come to the good land He has prepared, and therefore He brings with Him once more, ere He closes the Bible, a great cloud of

witnesses, that we may take their word about the offer of the gospel if we are not sure of His. The Spirit *and the bride*, that is, the company of the redeemed, say, Come. And let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is Better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from Vol. XII., page 135.)

What is thy name?

Ann Griffiths.

Ann Griffiths, a Welsh Calvinistic Methodist hymn-writer, who died in 1805 in the twenty-sixth year of her age, had a remarkable memory. She used to delight in repeating, word for word, the sermons that had touched her, and God meted out to her her own measure, for the hymns which she composed would have been lost if they had not been written down after her death from the recollection of the servant-girl to whom she had recited them.

Six queens of England have been named Anne, and most of them would have been happier had they been milkmaids.

Anne of Bohemia.

1. Anne of Bohemia, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., when she was sixteen became the wife of Richard II., the great-grandson of Edward II. who was defeated at Bannockburn. The ship in which she crossed from France to England was dashed in pieces a few minutes after she stepped out of it by a very sudden and unusual ground-swell. It is said that while her husband was still under age, she interceded on her knees for three hours before the Duke of Gloucester for the life of a friend who had been condemned by the "Merciless Parliament," and all in vain. She died at the age of twenty-eight. Her husband in his grief cursed the place, the palace of Shene, where she took ill, and ordered it to be razed to the ground. She is buried at Westminster, the king's effigy being close to hers with their hands clasped together. It was through her Bohemian attendants that John Wycliffe's writings became known to John Huss the reformer, who was burned at the stake at Constance by the Roman Catholic Church, 6th July, 1415.

Anne of Warwick.

2. Anne, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, married against her will to the wicked Richard III., who was supposed by many to have had a hand in the death of Prince Edward, to whom she had been previously betrothed. She died in 1485, in her thirtieth year, her last days embittered by the knowledge that her husband was wearying for her death.

Anne Boleyn

3. Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII. It is said that she loved the preaching of the famous Hugh Latimer, who was burned at Oxford in 1555, "hearing him gladly and doing many things," but there can be no doubt that she deserved the hatred and contempt

What is thy name?

ANNE BOLEYN

which the people of England showed her for her cruelty to her predecessor, Katharine, whom Henry had put away. When the news of Katharine's death was brought to her, she exclaimed, "Now I am indeed a queen," and on the day of the burial she and her maid dressed themselves in yellow. After a time the King began to dislike her, the first sign of his ill-will being his omitting one day to send to her table his waiter with his usual kindly salutation—"Much good may it do you." He beheaded her shortly after, in the twenty-ninth year of her age, one of her few consolations at the hour of death being that her neck was very slim, and that the executioner, who had been brought from Calais, was said to be good at his work. Anne Boleyn was the mother of Queen Elizabeth.

ANNE OF CLEVES.

4. ANNE OF CLEVES, a duchy on the Rhine, Henry's fourth wife. The King had promised to marry her after he had only seen her portrait, and was much disappointed when he saw herself. "Is there no remedy," he said, "but that I must needs put my neck in the yoke?" On their marriage day he added, "If it were not to satisfy the world and my realm, I would not do that which I must do this day for none earthly thing." On her wedding-ring were the very necessary words, God Send Me Weele to Keepe. She was divorced in her twenty-fifth year, but lived for other seventeen, dying in the reign of Mary, 1557, who gave her at her funeral "as goodly a hearse as ever was seen."

ANNE OF DENMARK.

5. ANNE, daughter of the King of Denmark, who, at the age of sixteen, became wife of James VI. of Scotland, afterwards James I. of England. According to the etiquette of the Danish Court, she was not allowed to walk till she was nine, her attendants—who must have had a lively time of it—having to carry her till then. When she was coming to Scotland to be married, her ship was prevented from setting sail by long-continued storms, for which "sundry witches, who confessed that they had brought them on, were burned to death." The Orkney Islands came to Scotland as part of her dowry. She was vain and frivolous, extremely fond of pageants, "never knew she was a queen till she came to Bristol," where she had a reception after her own heart. She lived and died in debt, leaving, at the age of forty-five, a world of jewels behind her, in addition to £36,000 worth which had mysteriously disappeared. Her death was a saving to her husband of £90,000 a year. When she was dying, she asked a maid to bring her water to bathe her eyes with, as she was not seeing well. This done, and her sight being no better, she desired a candle to be brought. "Madam," was the answer, "there is one here already; do you not see it?" That dimness of vision comes to many at the last, and is one of the things that make us speak of "the valley of the shadow of death."

QULEN ANNE.

6. ANNE, Queen in her own right, the last of the Stuart dynasty, of whose sorrow in life sufficient proof is given when it is said that James II. was her father, and that she herself died at the age of forty-nine, 1714, having survived all her children, seventeen in number, all of whom died in infancy save one who lived to be eleven.

The Careless Sentinel.

What! could ye not watch with me one hour?—Matt. 26, 40.

I HOPE that soldier will have his letter stowed away before the officer comes whose turn it is to be "Visiting Rounds" to-night, else it will go hard with him. It is quite true that it is a letter from home, and such a letter, so full of kind words and good news, as any man might well carry about with him, and, in ordinary circumstances, glance at now and again. But this man is a soldier on guard, on whose vigilance depends not only the safety of his sleeping comrades but the honour and it may be even the existence of his country. There is a time to think of home, but it is not the time to-night. His eyes, his ears, his whole intelligence, are not his own, they are his country's, so long as he is on guard. No soldier on service entangleth himself in the affairs of this life. "To the sentinel," said a great soldier, Sir Harry Lumsden of the Guide Cavalry, "no mistake can be forgiven." Yes, it will go hard with that man if he is caught. The legal penalty for the crime he is committing is—death!

There is an awful story told about Frederick the Great of Prussia. He had given orders one day that all lights were to be out by eight o'clock that night. He was in presence of the enemy and was anxious to conceal his movements. Eight came, but, as he walked through a part of his camp to see that his order had been obeyed, he spied a light in an officer's tent. "It is after eight," said the king, passing through the tent door.

"Yes, your Majesty," said the officer, rising and saluting, "but I was just closing a letter to my wife."

"Very good," was the answer, "you can open it again, and tell your wife that at twelve o'clock to-morrow you are to be shot in front of your regiment for disobedience."

It was doubtless a necessary thing to do; it was a cruel way to do it.

Soldiers sometimes think it a good joke to tempt the enemy's fire by showing a light, but, as they are always warned, it is not the man who shows the light that runs most risk of being shot by the enemy, but some innocent one who is lying near them.

To the sentinel the hour
Is regal when he mounts on guard.

Should not every moment be regal to every soldier in time of war?

During the Peninsular campaign Wellington once saw a fine chance of catching Marshal Soult's army in a valley. Ordering his men to close in on all sides, and forbidding lights or any sign of the presence of his army to be shown, he took up his post on the top of a hill to watch the completion of his manœuvre. There were three British soldiers, however, who straggled in search of plunder, and so were caught by an outpost of the enemy. The alarm was given, and within half-an-hour, and before the British regiments had all taken up their assigned positions, the Duke heard the French drums beat and saw Soult escape!

"And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!"

Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 1.

These two little Girls are looking on at their second Pantomime this year. But they have never been in Church since they were baptised. They wish to go, but their Mother won't take them. She says they are too young, they would not understand anything, and they might disturb the Minister or annoy the people round about them; and, besides, the weather is too cold.

A Wonderful Knife.

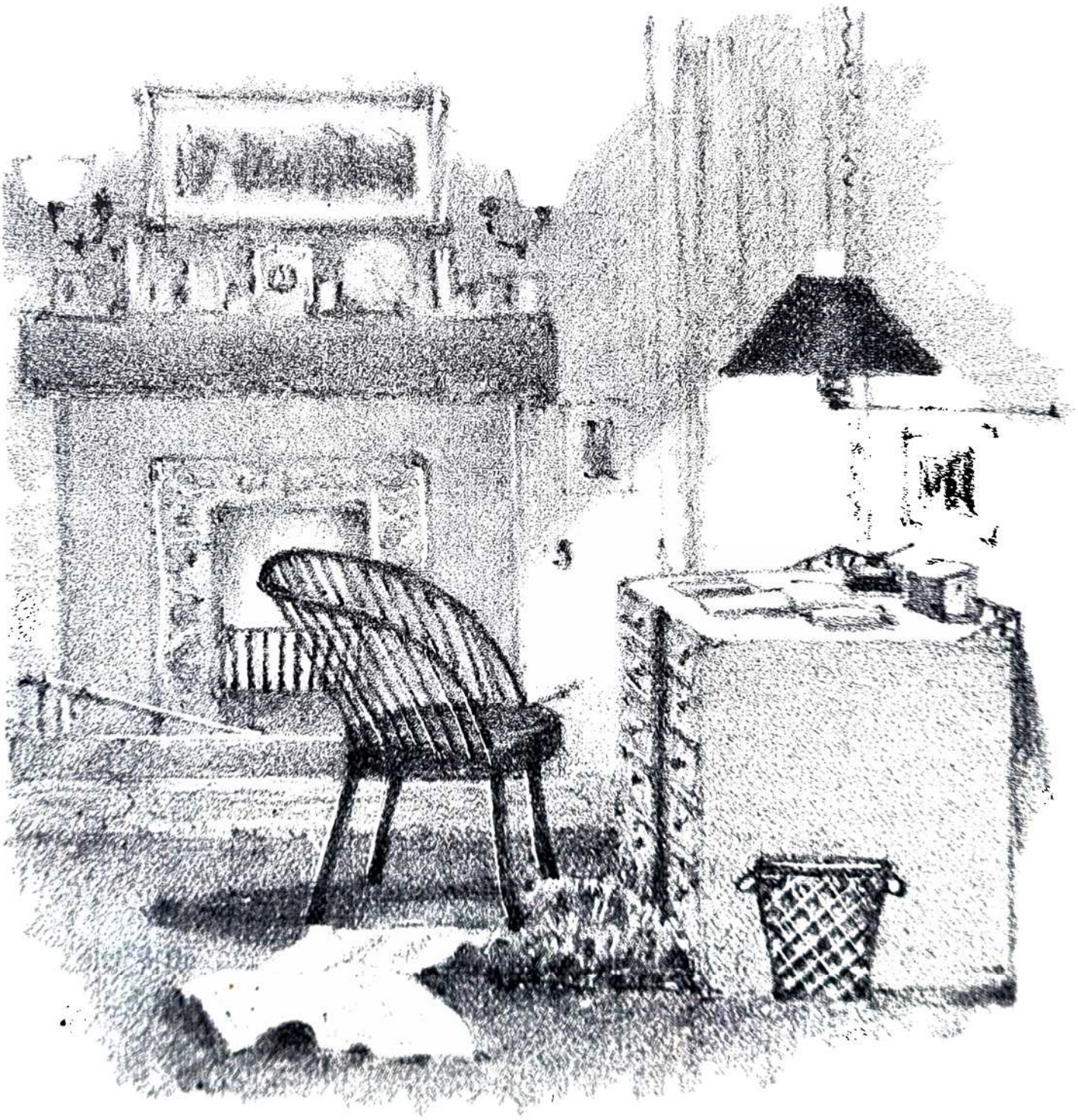
WHEN any boy in ancient Rome that was not a slave reached his fourteenth or fifteenth year, he put on the *Toga Virilis*, the plain gown worn by men. Up to that time he wore the *Toga Praetexta*, a gown with a narrow scarlet or purple border, such as only the Consuls and other great men were entitled to put on; as amongst ourselves little boys wear sailor suits with good conduct stripes and badges that grown-up men can only get after years of hard and faithful service. It was a great day amongst the Romans when a boy changed his gown.

So also it is a great day amongst ourselves when a boy gets his first penknife. It is a sign that he is possessed, or considered, by some one who maybe does not know him very well, to be possessed, of large intelligence. He is not only a tool-using being, but an armed man and one endued with self-control. Further, he has entered on a new realm of trials, he has been enriched with boundless opportunities of getting cuts and bearing them bravely like a man. Yes, it is a great day, a greater day than he knows, though he will know it before night comes. The tree of knowledge, now as ever, is a tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The two knowledges still go together. But in spite of that, and because of that, the power of making and of using knives is one of God's great gifts to men. One day in his study in Inverleith Row in Edinburgh, Dr. Chalmers took up a pen-knife from his desk and said to a friend, "Mr. Anderson, had you ever a good penknife? Do you know, Sir, it adds greatly to a man's happiness to have a good penknife." This witness is true.

The biggest and in its way the most wonderful, and certainly one of the most useless knives in England, is one in the showroom of the Messrs. Rodgers, the well-known Sheffield cutlers. It has eighteen hundred and ninety-five blades, and will shortly have the full nineteen, five new blades, so the Messrs. Rodgers courteously inform me, being added once every five years. They say that the late Sir George Airy, Astronomer Royal, became in his old age such a victim to his own love of order, that when he got a letter he was more anxious to have it properly docketed and filed and put past in its proper place than to have it answered or even read. In like manner, I should not wonder if the man who has charge of that big knife is quite unhappy till the next five years have passed and a new set of blades been added. That knife is always getting five talents more, but the humblest one with a solitary blade that has sharpened one pencil-point or cut one string is a greater knife than it. A French lady of high birth was once asked what she did with so many jewels, and her answer was, "I accumulate, I accumulate." There are many people who could say no more than that if they were asked what they do with the years God gives them. They accumulate them, and as the old Greek said who was asked what he did with all

those pieces of gold, they count them, but that is all. Such persons will one day see an Angel lift up his hand and swear that there shall be time no longer, and they will hear God say, Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward.

Who knows the power of Thy wrath?
According to Thy fear
So is Thy wrath: Lord, teach Thou us,
Our end in mind to bear;
And so to count our days, that we
Our hearts may still apply
To learn Thy wisdom and Thy truth,
That we may live thereby.



Boys that have Something Still to Learn.

2nd SERIES.

No. 1. The Boy that left the Gas burning in that Room an hour ago.

IN an hour's time these three jets use, say, twenty cubic feet of gas. Scarcely one penny's worth! True, but it is wrong to waste even a penny. The image and superscription on it are Cæsar's, the penny itself is God's. Besides, the boy who wastes the gas will be thoughtless and careless about most other things.

"But it doesn't come out of my pocket or yours either." Well, if a boy says *that* to you, nobody in this world will ever learn much good from him until he gets more sense!

No. 1900.

HAVE you ever noticed that Railway Bridges are all numbered? Big bridge, or little bridge, whether it carries a city street, or a country road, be it the narrow five-foot passenger-way that joins two platforms, or the tunnel a mile long, a bridge over the line or under the line, one with ten spans that crosses a river or a glen, or a culvert that is little bigger than a drain—look at its left hand side as you approach it, and you will see its number in large figures. They are numbered, partly because they belong to the Railway Company and need to be entered on its list of properties, but chiefly for the sake of reference and instant identification in case of accident. The guard, for example, notices that some bricks have fallen from an arch, or that part of a parapet is giving way. When he reports the accident to the Inspector of the Permanent Way, instead of saying, "Do you know the bridge about half-way up the incline, a little past Briar Den Station? not the one with the saw-mill near it, but the one that the road crosses that goes to the little farm where the traction-engine stuck in the big snow-storm—you remember the snow-storm? the winter before last, no, it was the winter before that—and they were four weeks in getting it out, and there was a fine law-plea over it, for they wanted to make the farmer pay for the four weeks' use of it, and he claimed damages because he had to knock down a wall and make a new road to get past it—they say the local lawyer's bills alone came to £120"—instead of saying all that, and having to repeat the most of it twice over, the guard simply says—"There's a stone loose on the parapet of No. 57," and the Inspector looks up his little book, and says, "All right; I'll send a man by the 12.30 train to Briar Den."

Or again, suppose some wicked or thoughtless boy thinks it good fun to drop a stone on the train as it passes under the bridge, never thinking that the stone may strike the driver with all the force that the speed of the train adds to it. The driver takes a little bit of paper, writes on it "Boy, red and yellow cap, throwing stones, bridge 49," wraps a small piece of coal in it, and drops it on to the platform as he flies through the next station

Tunnel: From a Sketch taken in Switzerland.

o-and-a-half minutes after. Then e station-master picks it up and legraphs to the police-office a mile the other side of the bridge, and other five minutes, as a boy with ed and yellow cap comes whistling ross a field, a policeman meets m, and says, "Well, my little man, u'll come along with me and we'll ach you not to throw stones at ins after this!" And when the y says, "It wasn't me; it was other boy; I don't know his me; I wasn't near the bridge; it was Peter Ferguson that told me to do it, and I did it just for fun," and then finally bursts into tears and cries, "Mother, mother," the policeman says, "Quite so, come away; we'll send for your mother, no fear of that!"

But it is neither No. 57 nor No. 49, but No. 1900, that I wish to speak about.

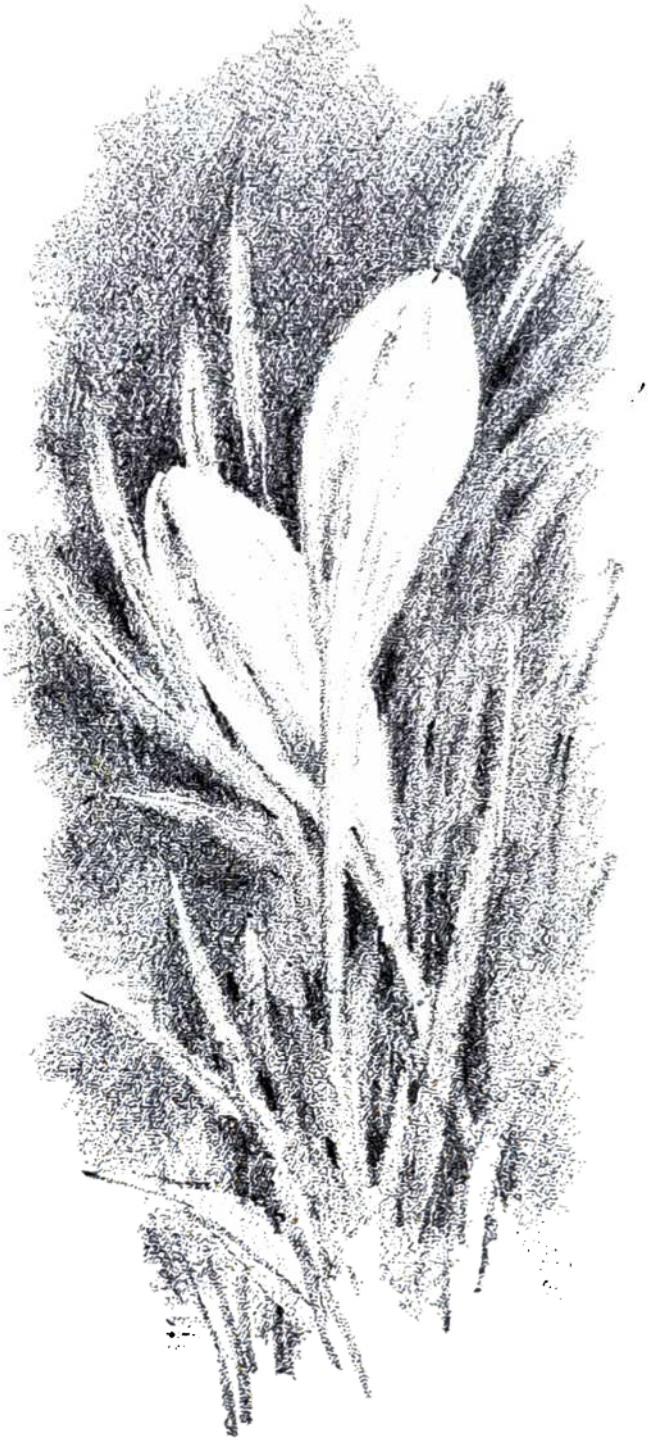
No. 1900 is a tunnel, a very long one, and therefore a very dark one. There are some tunnels, you know, so straight that when you enter them

you can see the light at the other end. There are others dark from the moment you go in almost to the moment you come out. But most of them have lamps burning at regular intervals, and all of them end in light under the open sky.

Twenty years ago and more at a Students' Saturday Forenoon Meeting, I heard Principal Douglas of Glasgow speak for five minutes on the text in Habakkuk, "Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." It was a passage I had been familiar with from childhood. I had often heard it used in prayer, but what it meant had never occurred to me. What Dr. Douglas said was to this effect: "The prophet, like every child of God at times, is going into the darkness. He sees a light far, very far ahead of him, he knows by faith that all will end well, but he is afraid of the dark bit of the road that is immediately in front of him, and he asks God to give him a little light here and there, now and again, as he passes through the valley and the shadow."

We are all of us, in some sense or other, going into the darkness, into the unknown, but let us fear no evil, for God is there, and He will be with us.

What the issue of Nineteen-hundred may be we cannot tell, but He knows the end from the beginning. He has prepared the way for us, too, and it is paved with love. It looks dark, perhaps, just now; but we shall be surprised at the number of the lights that we shall see as we go on.



"On New Year's Day, 1844, the year before he died, my Father, discovered a crocus in the garden which had burst through the frozen earth. He stopped suddenly, gazed at it silently for a few seconds, and, touching it with his staff, said slowly and solemnly—'The Resurrection of the world!'"—*Lady Holland's Memoir of Rev. Sydney Smith.*

1	M	ART THOU FOR US, OR FOR OUR ADVERSARIES?—*Josh. 5, 13.*
2	Tu	O God, Thou hast been displeased.—*Ps. 60, 1.*
3	W	We have sinned with our fathers.—*Ps. 106, 6.*
4	Th	Sanctify yourselves.—*Joshua 7, 13.*
5	F	Take away the accursed thing from among you.
6	S	Lord, where are Thy former lovingkindnesses? Remember, Lord, the reproach of Thy servants.—*Ps. 89, 49.*
7	S	O Master, the Holy and True.—*Rev. 6, 10 (R. V.)* That is how saints in Heaven speak of God.—"Holy and True."
8	M	His truth endureth to all generations.—*Ps. 100, 5.*
9	Tu	There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken;
10	W	All came to pass.—*Josh. 21, 45.*
11	Th	Jesus said, The Devil stood not in the truth,
12	F	Because there is no truth in him.—*John 8, 44 (R. V.)*
13	S	We are not ignorant of Satan's devices. When the King of Ashanti was trying to gain time before the battle of Coomassie, in 1874, a Mr. Dawson, a captive whom the King had retained as interpreter, sent this note to Lord, then Sir Garnet, Wolseley—"Please read *2 Cor. 2, 11.*"
14	S	Many went back and walked no more with Jesus.—*John 6, 66.*
15	M	Jesus said therefore unto the twelve, Would ye also go away? *(R. V.)*
16	Tu	Peter answered, Lord, to whom shall we go? "Retreats are certainly the most difficult operations in war. So true is this that the Prince de Ligne (a famous Austrian soldier) said he could not conceive how an army ever succeeded in retreating."—*Jomini's Art of War.*
17	W	I will cut off them that are turned back.—*Zeph. 1, 6.*
18	Th	Return thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord.—*Jer. 3, 12.*
19	F	Turn us again, O Lord God of Hosts.—*Ps. 80, 19.*
20	S	I thought on my ways, and turned.—*Ps. 119, 59.*
21	S	He remembered us in our low estate.—*Ps. 136, 23.*
22	M	Who maketh thee to differ from another?—*1 Cor. 4, 7.*
23	Tu	What hast thou that thou didst not receive?
24	W	Why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it? Do ye not remember?—*Mark 8, 18.* To an officer commanding a battalion who opposed him at Grenoble on his return from Elba, Napoleon said:—"Who raised you from the ranks?" "You, Sire." "Who made you Lieutenant?" "You, Sire." "Captain?" "You, Sire." "Colonel?" "You, Sire." "I had a right to expect gratitude; but I ask none. Take your epaulets off, and give them to the senior Captain, and retire!" *Rovigo's Memoirs.*
25	Th	If that had been too little, I would have given thee such and such things.—*2 Sam. 12, 8.*
26	F	Take therefore the talent from him.—*Matt. 25, 28.*
27	S	Jesus wept over the city, saying, If thou hadst known!—*Luke 19, 42.*
28	S	Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not?
29	M	And God saw their works that they turned from their evil way;
30	Tu	And God repented of the evil that He had said that He would do;
31	W	And He did it not.—*Jonah 3, 9.*

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February, 1900. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 2.

"Oh God! Please take care of my dear Daddy."

And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men, and go out fight with Amalek: to-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand.—Exodus 17, 9.

THAT rod of God was the rod that Moses had on Mount Horeb when he saw the Burning Bush, the rod that he took with him into Pharaoh's presence, and stretched over the Nile and over Egypt when he brought the plagues upon the land, the rod at whose uplifting the Red Sea was divided. When Moses, therefore, held that rod up, it was an appeal not only to the memory of the Israelites, but to the memory and character of God Himself. It was a challenge to Him to continue and carry out the gracious purpose He had begun.

In like manner, I think, we may humbly, yet confidently, appeal to God in these solemn and anxious days. The crimes of which, as a nation, we have been guilty in many parts of Africa have, beyond all doubt, been great exceedingly, and the cries of the heathen have entered into the ears of the Lord of hosts. And yet, if there are hundreds of men in Britain whose gold and silver is cankered because it has been made by selling gin and rum and powder to savage tribes, it is from Britain also that there have gone forth such men as Dr. Moffat, and Dr. Livingstone, and Dr. Stewart, and Dr. Lawes, and Alexander Bain, and many many others, women as well as men, who have published in the Dark Continent the glad tidings of salvation. For their sake, and that means for Christ's sake, we cannot doubt that God will be gracious to our land.

If ever war was justified, it was the war against Amalek. They were a race of cruel murderers, with whom God had borne patiently for four hundred years, till the cup of their iniquity was full. Yet even in such a righteous cause as that, it was needful to pray as well as to fight. Every tool and weapon that we use for serving God had need be clean. The very snuffers and snuff-dishes of the sanctuary, in the tabernacle in the wilderness, had all to be made of the purest gold. They who bore the vessels of the Lord were bidden sanctify themselves. They who do God's work should do it in God's way. And all they who, like us who tarry at home, only stand and look on, whether near or far off, while others go into the thick darkness, should take the shoe from off their feet, for they too stand on holy ground.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is Better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 4.)

What is thy name?

ANNE

ANNE, COUNTESS OF DORSET, afterwards Countess of Pembroke, 1590-1676, was twice married, but not very happily. She herself said that "the marble pillars of the houses she dwelt in were to her oftentimes but the gay arbour of anguish." She restored and owned six castles,

What is thy name?

built four churches, and put up a monument in Westminster to the poet Spenser, but doubtless she got as much pleasure from the pillar she raised on the road between Penrith and Appleby in Westmoreland, to mark the spot where she last parted from her mother. One of her boasts was that she had never tasted either wine or medicine.

Mrs. ANNA PYM.

The wife of John Pym, the patriot, the friend of Hampden, was ANNA HOOKER, daughter of a Somersetshire gentleman. She is described as "a wife, whose learning rare in that sex, whose virtues rarer in this age, whose religion the rarest ornament of all the rest, could not choose but level the sorrow of losing her with the former comfort of enjoying her." She died young in 1620, leaving five children.

ANNIE is one of the prettiest, as well as one of the most common, of girls' names. I have told you about more than twenty Annies now, and should have liked to say something about a great many others: about ANNE HATHAWAY, for example, who was Shakespeare's wife; and ANN COOKE, who was Bacon's mother; and the Annie who was the mother of Dr. Moffat, the missionary, who, when she was parting on the road with her son when he first left home, made him promise to read a chapter of the Bible night and morning every day as long as he lived—a promise which he never forgot. But I must pass on, for there are other girls who are wondering when their name's turn will come. I shall tell you, therefore, about one more only, and I do it not for the sake of you who are young, but in the hope that it may touch the heart of some grown-up man, who may read these words by chance, who knows some Annie to whom he has not been very kind.

Mrs. ANN ELLERY.

About a hundred and fifty years ago William Ellery, the maternal grandfather of William Ellery Channing, a well-known American author, married a singularly good and prudent woman, named Ann Remington. It was her great desire that her husband should find no place so comfortable and so agreeable as his own home, but in spite of all that she could do, he used to spend his evenings with a band of companions in some house of entertainment. Mrs. Ellery kept a kind of household almanac, or diary, in which she entered her expenditure. Her husband happening to stay indoors one evening, she mentioned the fact in the diary next day, thanking God for the joy it had given her, and asking Him, if it were His will, to incline her husband to stay often at home with her and the children. A few days afterwards, her husband glancing at the book, by the providence of God, noticed the entry and was greatly touched by it. That night he went as usual to meet his friends. "I am come," he said, "to drink my parting cup with you. After this I mean to stay at home at nights." His friends laughed and jeered at him, but he kept his word, and through his influence and example, in a few months' time, the members of the club ceased meeting at an inn, and met instead for quiet and happy entertainment at one another's houses.

What is thy name?

ARA-BELLA, Duchess of Dorset.

ARABELLA DIANA, Duchess of Dorset, married in 1801, at the age of thirty-two, Lord Whitworth, Ambassador at Paris, a man notable even amongst ambassadors for command over his temper. His wife used to give dinners of fifty covers, and as she was never in time, was rightly described by Napoleon as "not a well-bred woman." Napoleon's own manners in this respect were none of the best. On one occasion he kept the whole Diplomatic Body waiting for four hours, while he was inspecting some new kinds of knapsacks. The Duchess died in 1825, leaving property worth £35,000 a year. Twenty-two horsemen followed her remains to the grave.

LADY AR-BELLA JOHNSON

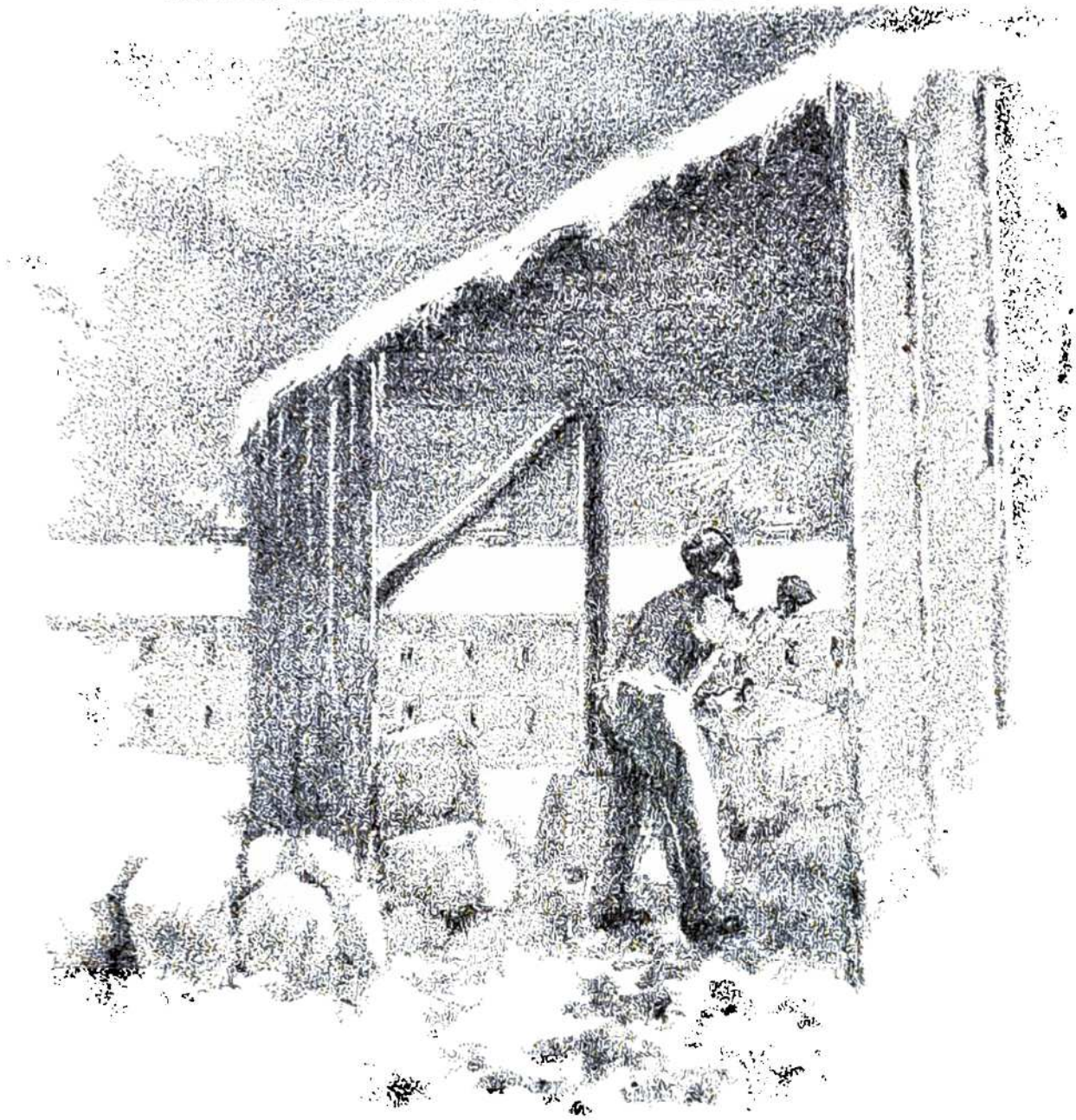
THE LADY ARBELLA, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, went to America in 1630 with her husband, Mr Johnson, a godly Puritan gentleman, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, in a ship that was named after her. She died in Salem, within a month of her landing there. Her husband died a few weeks afterwards, and was buried in a plot of ground which he had chosen as the site of a house for her. So great was the reverence in which he was held that many of the settlers asked, when they were dying, to be buried as near him as possible; and so that field became the first burial ground in Boston, and may be seen there to this day; just as in Scotland the hole under the gallows-tree, into which the Covenanter Peden's body was thrown, became the centre of the parish burying ground at Old Cumnock.

Princess AU-GUSTA.

AUGUSTA, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Saxe Gotha, was the mother of George III. Her husband, Frederick Louis, died, whilst still Prince of Wales, of an abscess caused by the blow of a tennis ball. At the moment of his death, which came unexpectedly, a dancing master was playing the violin beside him. Like Jehoram, King of Judah *(2 Chron. 21, 20)*, he "departed without being desired." His father had many a time wished for his death, whilst the people sang

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
There's no more to be said.

When Frederick's son George became eighteen, the king, George II., offered him £40,000 a year if he would leave his mother Augusta and set up an establishment of his own. George refused, and continued to live under his mother's roof. It was she, unfortunately, who taught him to have that overweening idea of his own wisdom and greatness that led him and the country into so many disastrous mistakes. "George, *be king*," she used to say to him. She could have given him no better advice had she only known what a king's chief end is. Unhappily her notions of kingship were such as the kings of the Stuart dynasty had in our own country, and such as the German Emperor has at the present day. No matter how great or how old a statesman was, George III. would keep him standing for hours as long as he was in his presence. He insisted on the judges keeping on their heavy wigs even when they were off the bench. "I will have no innovations in my time," was his constant cry. And as in little things so in great things, with this result, that instead of wise and necessary innovations there were revolutions which split the Empire.



Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 2.

This man did not go to Church for several winters because it was not heated. This winter it is heated, but he won't go because he is sure he would catch his death of cold coming out of it into the chilly air.

For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?—1 Cor. 14, 8.

HOMER in the Iliad speaks of a Greek who was at the siege of Troy, named Stentor, whose voice was as loud as that of fifty men. Hence our word *Stentorian*. And, to take a big leap, Kinglake, in his History of The Invasion of the Crimea, speaks of Alexander Miller, Adjutant of the Scots Greys, famous in his regiment for the mighty volume of sound which he

drove through the air when he gave the word of command, a voice so powerful that the distance at which it could make itself heard was such as to be computed by the mile. In the charge of Scarlett's Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, when three hundred attacked and clove their way through three thousand of the Russian cavalry, Miller's single voice got dominion over all the clangour of arms, and all the multitudinous uproar. It thundered out "Rally!" Then, louder still, it thundered, "The Greys!" The Adjutant was so mounted that his vast superb form rose high over the men of even his own regiment; and rose higher still over the throng of the Russians. Seized at once by the mighty sound, and turning to whence it came, numbers of the Scots saw their towering Adjutant with his reeking sword high in the air, and again they heard him cry, "Rally!" —again hurl his voice at "The Greys!" Nor did he speak in mere vehemence, continues Kinglake, like one who, although he cry "Rally," means only a war-cry or cheer. He spoke as an officer delivering the word of command. But how could they rally in the midst of the enemy's thickset squadrons? Then it was that the Adjutant deliberately turned his back on the Russians, and threw into the closing monosyllable the giant strength of his voice when he shouted, "Face—me!"

Twice have I myself been struck by the power of a human voice. Once at Delhi, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, and Major Barnes, the soldier both of greatest stature and the strongest voice in India, after reading the Proclamation in a tone of voice that dominated with surpassing ease the mighty gathering of princes and peoples, cried at the close, with a shout that seemed almost unearthly —"*Vivat Imperatrix!*" Long live the Empress!

The other occasion immediately preceded the reading by Mr. Gladstone of his Rectorial Address to the Students of Glasgow University. Those were the days when professors did with students as they liked. When the students, whose tickets of admission to hear the Rector they had themselves chosen had been issued at the last moment, reached the place of meeting, the Kibble Palace, they found apparently the greater part of the building already filled by well-dressed men and women, who certainly were neither students nor students' relatives. When the proceedings began, Mr. Gladstone seemed so far off that we all feared it would be impossible to hear one word he said. When Principal Caird began to speak — and his was a voice of great power and beauty — we could not hear a syllable. Then we began to clamour against the strangers. The Principal, to still the tumult, left his seat and, passing through the throng, came quite near us, and though he seemed to be straining his voice to the utmost, we did not catch one word. Then he left us in great distress, and the tumult waxed louder. What would have happened I do not know, but at that instant Mr. Gladstone stood

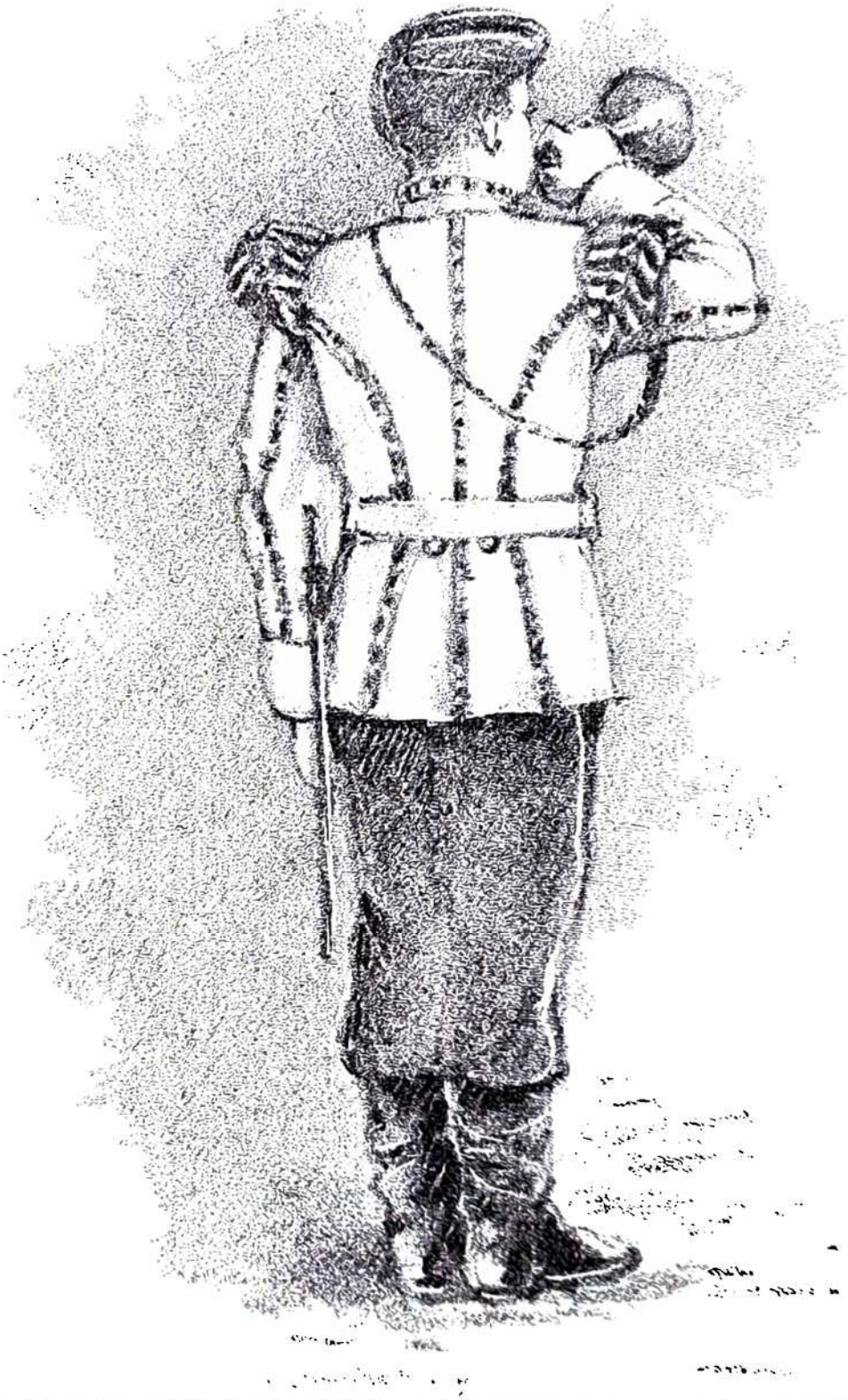
upright, and raising his right hand and arm, cried, "Gentlemen!" We saw at once that there was no fear of our not hearing him, and the next moment we were all seated and silent. Many of us remember nothing else he said, but we all remember that one word.

What a Voice that must have been that uttered the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai in the ears of all Israel — a Voice that shook the earth! And what a cry that will be—and every one of us will hear it—when the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God!

On the field of battle, in all ages, men have found it necessary to use something stronger than the human voice. For few men's voices go far, and they all go soon. Lord Wolseley says that during the fights in the trenches in the Crimean War, the British won some of their engagements simply through shouting. On one occasion, he tells us, he himself after a fight could not speak for four days, whilst some of the officers lost their voices for a week. "We were firing from behind a heap of dead bodies, and I told the bugler to blow his very loudest, while we cheered, and so the enemy thought we had plenty of men in the rear."

A Lacedemonian long ago was asked what good a prize in the games would do him. "I shall stand near the king in battle," he said. And that is the high privilege of the bugler, or trumpeter. He has to keep close to the Commander. His Commander has to speak to him. Other bandsmen on the field of battle have to look after the wounded; but the bugler goes where the fight is fiercest and the danger greatest. Of the six heroes who stole ahead of the storming party and blew up the Kashmir Gate when Delhi was taken in 1857, Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, Corporal Burgess, and Hawthorne, the last-named was a bugler. It was his part to give the signal for the assault when the powder-bags had done their work. He was one of the three who lived to receive the Victoria Cross. Sometimes the bugler, assuming a tremendous responsibility, has ventured to disobey an order. "Sound the Retire," said an officer to Luke White at the siege of Ghuzni in 1839, when the Kabul Gate had been blown in and the passage was reported as choked with fallen masonry, "Sound the Retire!" "The 13th don't know it, Sir," he answered, and then blew the "Advance!" and so helped to win the day.

Entreat God, if it be His will, that neither our soldiers on the battle-field, nor we ourselves when contending with the spiritual hosts of wickedness in high places, may ever know what it is to retire or turn our backs and flee, but may go on in the strength of the Lord God wherever He calls us. And if, on the other hand, God makes us His mouthpiece to others, and bids us blow with the trumpet, let us speak as He bids us, neither uncertainly nor half-heartedly, but as those who shout for victory,



being already more than conquerors. And remember that the trumpet that summons us and others to the help of the Lord summons God also to help us. "If ye go to war against the enemy that oppresseth you, then ye shall blow an alarm with the trumpets; and ye shall be remembered before the Lord your God, and ye shall be saved from your enemies."

There shall no evil befall thee. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.—Psalm 91, 10.

IN June, 1890, the late Professor Henry Drummond went with some friends to see a volcano in the island of Tanna in the New Hebrides. At the request of one of the party he and two others sat down on the edge of the crater to be photographed. As stones were being shot up out of the molten lava to a height of at least 500 feet, and were falling all round, the little group were a little restless. "Now," said their friend, "don't look back or move for anything less than the size of a brick. I will warn you if anything comes." The photograph was taken, and the three had scarcely risen when there was a terrifying report. A few moments afterwards a shower of molten projectiles fell all around them. "One block," said Mr. Drummond, "the size and shape of a small sheep, descended with a sullen thud on the *very spot* where a minute ago I had sat. It was not *near* the spot, but across the very mark in the soft ashes that I had made."

In that instance God kept His word *to the very letter.*

Fifteen years before, Mr. Drummond, then in great perplexity about going back to college, hurt his leg by stumbling over a stone on a hill in Perthshire. Writing to a friend at the time, he says, "I count my sore leg one of the best things that ever happened to me. It was the very thing I needed. I have got time to look at all sorts of things." A year later he wrote, "I should rather like to make a pilgrimage to that stone at Bonskied. Sometimes I think I owe more to it than I know. Perhaps, if it had not been for it, I should not have been at college this winter."

What about God's keeping His word now? In the one case we say He kept His promise. In the other——shall we say He broke it? Undoubtedly. But He broke it because there was a better thing inside it; not only a better thing in His eyes, but a better thing, when he had time to see it, in Mr. Drummond's own eyes. Men often try to back out of their word. They have changed their minds, or they have promised more than they can do. But when God seems to break His word, it is because He is going to do something much better than He promised. The wife, the mother, the lover, of many a godly soldier who has been killed in Africa within the last few weeks is not able, for the present, to reconcile her loved one's death with God's word, but what she knows not now, she will understand hereafter. But the soldier in glory understands and approves it all already. "He asked life of Thee; and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."

I have said above that in the *one* case God literally kept His word. But you are not to think that He so kept it *only* once. A thousand times a day, from childhood onwards, Mr. Drummond's feet, and our feet, too, are literally kept free from falls. It is God that keeps

our goings out and in. But He does it so constantly and so quietly that we don't think it is God at all that does it. If He did not let us slip a little now and again we should forget that we have, and that we need, a grip of our Father's hand.

Absalom dwelt two full years in Jerusalem, and saw not the king's face. . . . And he said unto Joab, wherefore am I come from Geshur? it had been good for me to have been there still: now therefore let me see the king's face.—2 Sam. 14, 28.

SIR ALGERNON WEST, K.C.B., in his lately published Book of Recollections, tells one or two stories about a Mr. Alfred Montgomery, one of his colleagues on the Board of Inland Revenue. Mr. Montgomery had been private secretary to Lord Wellesley, and was the friend of all the famous dandies of his day—if we may call men famous who are forgotten. He was himself a dandy, endowed with extraordinary good looks and a bewitching attraction of manner which endeared him to everybody, that is, to everybody to whom he was endeared. He was a wit, too, it seems, and a man of great self-possession. On his way down to Somerset House one day —it was the morning of the day on which Leicester Square was to be opened with some civic ceremony —finding the gates of the square shut, he walked up to a constable.

"Not open to the public, sir," said the man, "till after two o'clock."

"I am not one of the public," was his answer, given in his most magnificent manner.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the constable, and the gate flew open.

For upwards of forty years, Mr. Montgomery was one of the Royal Household, that is, he held one of the many posts that are in the Lord Steward's or Lord Chamberlain's departments. Yet, during all that time, the Queen, so he confessed himself, never once spoke to him! He was not blaming her, of course, for a sovereign's household must number many hundreds. But it was evidently a disappointment to him. He might as well, in some respects, have been one of the public after all. They that are in kings' palaces and wear soft raiment have things to fret and gall them no less than they who are of the vulgar throng. Even if the Queen had spoken to him, he would not have been allowed to stand nearer her than three paces. That is part of the divinity, founded no doubt in some measure on the fear of assassination, that doth hedge a king. Whether we be kings or not —and the presumption is strongly in favour of the negative—we all have the right to keep people not only at arm's length but at a distance.

The only Being in the Universe to Whom we can "draw near," to Whom we can come perfectly close, Whom we can lay hold of, Whom we can wrestle with, and that at all times, and for as long as we like, is the King of kings, the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith.

Lads that have Something still to Learn.

2nd SERIES.

No. 2. The lad—though it is more often a well-educated grown-up man who is guilty of this—who scatters little bits of paper which other people have painfully and laboriously to pick up.

1	TH	Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise.—*Is. 9, 5.* The Germans have a saying—"It takes twenty years to find out the truth about a battle."
2	F	I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was.—*2 Sam. 18, 29.*
3	S	Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord.—*Matt. 1, 22.*
4	S	He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven,
5	M	And among the inhabitants of the earth;
6	TU	And none can stay His hand.—*Dan. 4, 35.*
7	W	He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased.—*Ps. 115, 3.*
8	TH	He maketh the devices of the people of none effect.—*Ps. 33, 10.*
9	F	The Lord of Hosts, wonderful in counsel,
10	S	And excellent in working.—*Is. 28, 29.* When the Duke of Marlborough was complimented on his victories in Flanders, he said, "The secret of my success was simply this—I made a hundred blunders, my adversaries made a hundred-and-one."
11	S	The Captain.—*Heb. 2, 10.*
12	M	A Leader and Commander to the people.—*Is. 55, 4.*
13	TU	The Forerunner, even Jesus.—*Heb. 6, 20.*
14	W	An High Priest, in all points tempted like as we are.—*Heb. 4, 15.*
15	TH	Follow thou Me.—*John 21, 22.* "There were officers who sheltered themselves from fire, and cried to their men, 'En avant, mes braves,' 'Forward, my brave boys.'" — *Ryan's With an Ambulance in the Franco-Prussian War.*
16	F	Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example.—*1 Peter 2, 21.*
17	S	Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me.—*Matt. 11, 29.*
18	S	The Spirit testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ,
19	M	And the glories that should follow them.—*1 Peter 1, 11 (R. V.)*
20	TU	Peter said, Lo, we have left all.—*Luke 18, 28.*
21	W	He shall receive manifold more in this present time,
22	TH	And in the world to come, life everlasting. "Frobisher's fleet were bound for no other harbour than the Port of Honour, though touching at the Port of Profit in the passage thereunto—I say, *touching*."—*Fuller's Worthies of England.*
23	F	Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.—*Jer. 45, 5.*
24	S	See that no man know it.—*Matt. 9, 30.* "From my experience of public men I should say that to give ungrudging help where no credit can be got from it is characteristic only of the noblest natures.—*The late Lord Farrer.*
25	S	Life, or death, all are yours; and ye are Christ's.—*1 Cor. 3, 22.*
26	M	Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord.—*Acts 15, 26.*
27	TU	The hearts of the people melted and became as water.—*Josh. 7, 5.*
28	W	What man is faint-hearted? let him return unto his house.—*Deut. 20, 8.* In the late war in Cuba an officer of the regular army, in heading a charge, put his heel in the small of the back of an officer of the 71st New York Volunteers who was skulking in the long grass. "Where are you going?" the indignant Volunteer yelled after him. "To the front. Where are *you* going?" was the answer.

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March, 1900. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 3.

Will there be a Letter?

"The Morning Watch" for 1899, being Volume XII., with Index, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

Vols. I. to VIII. (1888-95) are out of print, but Vols. IX., X., and XI. (1896, 97, 98), may still be had. Price One Shilling each.

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Their faces shall look one to another; toward the mercy seat shall their faces be.—Exodus 25, 20.

"MY friend Rostan came to see me. He has his arm in a sling. He was wounded in the last sortie at Créteil. It was at night, on the 11th December. A German soldier rushed at him and pierced his arm with a bayonet. Rostan retaliated with a bayonet thrust in the German's shoulder. Both fell and rolled into a ditch. Then they became good friends. Rostan speaks a little broken German.

'Who are you?' he said.

'A Wurtemburgian. I am twenty-two years of age. My father is a clockmaker at Leipsic.'

They remained in the ditch for three hours, bleeding, numb with cold, helping each other. Rostan wounded brought the man who wounded him back as a prisoner. He goes to see him at the hospital. These two men love each other. They wanted to kill each other, and now they would die for each other!"

This anecdote, told in Victor Hugo's *Memoirs*, is a little commentary on the verse in the 76th Psalm—"Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain." Every war is fertile in such incidents.

There is a village in Northern Italy named Solferino. It stands on a hill and has a tower called The Spy of Italy, from which the whole plain of Lombardy can be seen. There in 1859 a great battle was fought, which resulted in the defeat of the Austrians, with a loss of 20,000 men, and the cession of the province of Lombardy to the newly formed kingdom of Italy. During the battle a native of that province, who was a corporal in the Austrian army, fell, mortally wounded by one of the famous Italian corps of Bersaglieri or sharp-shooters. The corporal, speaking in Italian, adjured the man to listen to what he had to say. "I belong to Lombardy, and Lombardy belongs to Italy, but I was forced into the Austrian army, and have been compelled to serve all through this war. But I tell you before God that I have never once fired my rifle on my fellow-countrymen." The poor man had preferred to die rather than defend himself, and so he yielded up his breath with his hand clasped in the hand that had slain him.

The men with whom we are at present fighting in South Africa are related to us by ties even closer than those of blood. They serve the same God as we; the Psalms that comfort and uphold our dying soldiers are sung daily in their camps; they are not only Protestants, but Presbyterians. There have been, doubtless, already many both on their side and on ours, who, being killed in battle, have the next moment met the men who slew them

Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 16.)

What is thy name? Lady Augusta Stanley.

Lady Augusta Bruce, daughter of the seventh, sister of the eighth, Earl of Elgin, Viceroy of India, married in 1863 Dean Stanley, she then being forty-one and he forty-eight. She was one of the Queen's most intimate friends, having been with her both when her mother and her husband Prince Albert, died. For many years towards the end of her life, she received a letter from the Queen every day, but not even to her relatives, unless the Queen commanded her, would she read one line of them, so high was her sense of honour. She was a woman of great intellectual power and of remarkable courtesy. When one of her brothers, General Bruce, was dying from the after-results of a fever, caught during his attendance on the Prince of Wales in the Holy Land, he turned, after he had uttered his last prayer to God, to thank the nurse who had waited on him. When Lady Stanley was dying—and her sufferings were very great—she asked her nurses to forgive all her impatience. She expressed the wish also that no one should come to her funeral at the slightest risk to health. At an earlier stage of her illness, when she was still able to take an airing, she gave orders to those who carried her to and from her carriage to do it as slowly as possible for the sake of the children who crowded round to see the sight, "it seemed to give them so much pleasure to watch her!"

Her husband, when he announced his approaching marriage to her to a friend, had said—"If ever marriage was wrought out of many threads in earth and heaven, it has been this." Shortly before her death, he wrote—"My dear wife reminds me, as I look at her, of a line in Michael Angelo, 'The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows.'" She was buried, at the Queen's request, in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey. That had been her own desire too. All her ancestors had been buried in Dunfermline Abbey. "But that will be too far from you," she said. "In Westminster I shall be near my husband. I shall be with him whenever he is at his duty." On her tombstone—and on his—is this text: "I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad."—Psalm 119, 96.

Empress Augusta.

Compare with Lady Stanley's thoughtfulness for others what Dr. Busch, in his "Life of Bismarck," records concerning the Empress Augusta, the grandmother of the present German Emperor: "In the spring of 1871, after the great war with France, our troops should have returned to their homes much sooner than they did, but the Empress wished to be present at their entry into Berlin, and at the same time to complete a course of baths she was undergoing, before she came back. So there was a postponement of four or five weeks, which cost the Treasury some hundreds of thousands of pounds in hard cash, while the losses suffered by agriculture, in consequence of this delay, were incalculable." At her coronation she was said to have sent to Paris to the Empress Eugenie for the loan of her hairdresser.

Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 3.

* *This young man, who has gone from Glasgow to Dublin to see the Association Football Match between England and Ireland, won't go to Church because, he says, "Church-going comes expensive, as I know to my cost. These Ministers would take his last sixpence from a fellow if they could."*

The following Extract from his last year's accounts may throw some light on the value of this young man's opinion :—

Contributions to Religious and Charitable Objects during 1899.

	£	s	d
Collection for 6 Sabbaths,	0	0	3½
Twopence of that does not count, having been borrowed from his Mother, and never repaid.			
Lifeboat Fund,	0	0	3
This was a great effort, and he never reads of a rescue at sea without feeling that he has some share in it; and so he has.			
4 one-shilling lottery tickets for a bicycle, presented by the makers to the Wounded Soldiers' Fund,	0	4	0
None of this counts either; the money was given not to the Wounded Soldiers, but for four chances of a bicycle, and he got—his four chances.			
Grand Total of Contributions to Religion and Charity,	£0	0	4½

Cost of Two-days' Trip to Sheffield to see Football Match, March, 1899.

	£	s	d
Loss of five hours' pay on Saturday,	£0	4	2
Special Cheap Excursion Ticket,	0	10	0
Needless Refreshments at Stations on the way,	0	2	1
Walking-stick left in Refreshment Room, Carlisle,	0	0	6
'Buses, Tramways, Ticket to Grand Stand,	0	2	11
Portraits and "Biographs" of Rival Teams,	0	0	6
Bets lost on the Game, paid in April,	1	5	0
The money to pay these was borrowed from his two sisters, who are thrifty, wise, and godly servant girls.			
Bet won—one shilling—but not recovered,	0	0	0
I have not put this down as a loss, because the money was never his even legally, and still less morally.			
Meals, Cigarettes, Sporting Papers, and Extras,	0	3	10
Loss of 5 weeks' pay through Pneumonia, caught in travelling home on Sabbath night, £10 8s. 4d., less £2 10s. aliment from the Society, which, of course, his fellow-workmen had to pay,	7	18	4
Doctor's Bill, 15 visits,	1	10	0
Medicines, Chickens, Grapes, and other delicacies,	0	11	8
The last two items were paid by his younger brother, an apprentice, a regular church-goer, and a good careful lad.			
Grand Total of cost of trip to see Football Match,	£12	9	0

Being "all his living," and a few pounds more!

Summary.

Professor Crow's Lectures.

The Professor is introduced.

In plain black cap and gown he stood,
No hooded Crow was he; ¶
And he taught his students all he could
About Nest-buildery.

Here followeth a brief summary of his Lectures.

1. Crows are gregarious. The Professor essayeth a little jest.

First, you must choose a clump of trees,
Enough for a Rookery;
Crows live in packs, not in twos or threes,
In packery—not joukery! *

2. Nests to be built high; there are bad boys going about.

And the trees must all be fully grown:
There's no room for Crows in bushes.
We don't lay eggs to be stolen and blown
Like Robins, and even Cushies.

3. Beware of dead wood. Nest-building in Europe begins on the first Sabbath of March.

And note that all old trees have some
Rotten or dying branch;
Keep that in mind, when March has come
And le premier Dimanche. §

4. Remember the Modulus of Elasticity. Tree-tops sway badly sometimes.

Build firm and tight, but not too tight,
Nor yet too loosely either;
Your nests must face the winds' fierce might,
And every kind of weather.

5. Crows are early risers. That is why they live long.

But they must not be too cosy,
Lest you lie in bed too long;
A Crow must rise, yes, ev'n suppose he
Is feeling far from strong.

¶ The common Crow is quite different from the Hooded, or Hoody, or Carrion Crow.

* Joukery-pawkery—spelling not guaranteed—a phrase for *dodging*, *cheating*, common in some parts of Scotland. The Professor seems to mean that they should live in love, as brethren.

§ The Professor uses the French words for *the first Sabbath*, I suspect, simply for the sake of the rhyme. I noticed that he pronounced branch, *brawnch*. The nasal *aw* sound is extremely common in the Crow Language.

6. No thieving! Honesty is the best policy.

And oh! I trust no idle brat
Will build with stolen sticks.
I've known Crows pecked to death for that
And such like knavish tricks.

7. But be kind to the old. We shall be frail ourselves some day.

But if you see some poor old Crow,
Or stupid—not lazy—bird,
Fall to, and help him all you know,
With stick, straw, kindly word.

The Professor concludeth with a grand peroration.

Then, when you've carried your last load,
What caws to sing together!
Your nest will be a House of God,
No matter what the weather.

M. I. W.

SOME of you may remember seeing in *The Morning Watch* for July, 1897, the portrait of an old Irish lady, Miss M. I. W., then in her ninety-eighth year, and also the facsimile of a list in her own handwriting of five passages of Scripture, which she called her "comfortable texts." I have now to tell you that she passed away on the 15th of January in the house, and in the very room, in which she was born over a hundred-and-one years ago. Her friends have her mother's diary in their possession, and in it, in January, 1800, mention is made of "little Bunty Mary, now fourteen months old, very wilful;" so there is no doubt about her age.

I am happy to be able to tell you the story of her last days, and I cannot do better than give it to you in the words of a letter, most kindly written to me by her niece.

"The death of my Mother, her sister, which happened on the 9th December last, was a great blow to her. Yet she would not allow that she was lonely, but always said, 'I am quite happy.' She made me have printed for her a great number of cards with these words on them:

In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.

Farewell.

Christmas, 1899. M. I. W.

Is. 26. 3.

These were her Christmas cards, and also memorial cards for my Mother, the date of whose death was written on the back. The sending of these to friends far and near, and getting thanks in return, were her occupation and interest for the last few weeks of her life. Her maid or my nieces did the writing for her. She kept up the correspondence with me that my Mother had done, thrice a week, ever since I left home to live in Scotland. Though very weak and

feeble, and never down stairs after her farewell kiss to my Mother—in her coffin then—she took much interest in all her friends and in spiritual matters. . . . Nearly a fortnight of influenza at last brought her strength so down that she could not rally. Until the last day of her life she was clear in mind, recovering her voice after the bronchitis left her, and giving us all sweet farewells and blessings. Cousins and friends came round her, and for each with perfect tact and love she gave the right message.

"She enjoyed prayer and responded; asked me once to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and joined in it. The old Hymns and Psalms, specially the twenty-third, she loved. She began to repeat 'Christ my rock, my sure defence,' when she was very weak. She asked also for the Hymn:

> Jesus' life of grief and sorrow,
> All his sufferings, death, and pain,
> Prove in life our consolation,
> And in death our joy remain.
> Hallelujah!
> Christ's our life, hence death is gain.

These were old favourites from the Moravian Hymn Book. She caught up also and repeated, when very weak, the words:

> Hide me, O my Saviour, hide me,
> Till the storm of life is past;
> Safe into the haven guide me,
> And receive my soul.

'At last' she left out. The word 'death' she never spoke. 'Father of mercies, God of all comfort' . . . 'Fear not, I am with thee' . . . 'I will see Him for ever' . . . 'I am longing to be with Him for ever and ever' . . . 'Wherefore do ye doubt, O ye of little faith?' . . . 'Lord open the door and let me in' . . . 'Saviour, I am very tired.' These, spoken at intervals, are some of the last words from those dear lips.

"She slept away like a weary child, and looked forty years younger afterwards as she lay dead—a well-worn Bible of her own in her hand. My dear Mother had one also in her hand when she died, her husband's first gift sixty-three years ago. My Aunt and she had lived all these years together, and during forty-three of them my Father was dead. Dying he had said he 'would like to chain them together.'"

After him repaired Meshullam over against his chamber.—Neh. 3, 30.

THIS Monday morning, 12th February, early, we had another fall of snow, and it was interesting, as usual, to watch as one went into town the different ways in which the occupiers of houses cleared the snow off the pavement. A number of them, indeed the greater part of them, seemed to have been unwilling to do a single inch more than they were compelled to do. In one or two instances the line had been drawn as carefully and accurately as if the tenant had been laying out beds in a flower-garden; possibly, after all, not wholly out of selfishness, but partly from a love of neatness and the delight we all experience in looking at a perfectly straight line—a delight which working with snow so fully gratifies.

Yet, I must say, I preferred the generous inaccuracy with which one man was shovelling away at the limit of his little domain.

"You are encroaching on your neighbour's territory," I said to him; "you are doing a couple of feet too much!"

"Ah, well!" he said laughing, "it is so easy for me when I'm at it, and when I've got my own bit done, to do a little bit more, and it will be a pleasure to my neighbour, when he comes out and begins, to find that he has so much less to do than he expected."

When we read that Meshullam repaired the piece of wall that was over against his chamber, it looks as if he were one of those very exact and exacting men who go always by the strict letter of the law, and regard all that "coming and going," which is so necessary in the world by the very nature of things, as nothing more or less than sinful compromise. But the fourth verse of the chapter tells us that he had been previously working at another and more necessary part of the wall. We must class him, therefore, with Binnui and all the other brave and good men who when they finished one piece began another.

It never pays a man to give scrimp measure in anything, whether in time, or material, or money. When you become workmen, rather stop your work a moment after the clock strikes than a moment before. And if God makes you masters or mistresses, ask Him to help you to love your men or your servants, and to treat them not only fairly but kindly. For the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. He opens His Own hand as wide as He can, He gives us all He has, and He likes to see us give "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over." And if a shopkeeper is to be generous with his measure, be you as generous with your money!

Children that have Something Still to Learn.

2nd SERIES.

No. 3. The Girl that Whispers.

WHISPERING, especially with one's hand to one's mouth, is anything but lady-like. It is neither a pretty nor a kindly thing to do. It breeds envy, and suspicion, and hatred, and revenge, and falsehood. See the texts, on page 36, for the last week of the month.

And it is a blunder as well as a crime. The whisperer not only reveals the badness of his own manners, and the thoughtlessness, if not the wickedness, of his own heart, but he often reveals the very thing he wishes to conceal. Very few people can whisper so as not to be heard, though most seem to think they can. A whisper often carries farther than a roar, partly from the unusual and penetrating nature of the sound itself, and partly also from the fact that it makes the bystander listen more attentively. But if you will whisper in school, which is bad, or in church, which is worse, never do it in the presence of people who are very ill or dying. Speak in your natural tone if you

must speak, but don't whisper, for the dying can hear or see you whispering when they notice nothing else.

Remember, I say once more, that the girl who whispers with her hand to her mouth *may* be a Christian, but she *is not a lady*.

1	TH	Because of fear in the night.—*Song of Sol. 3, 8.* "In all siege operations it is most important that the Staff and Royal Engineer Officers should study the almanac well, and keep before them the hours of sunset and sunrise, and of the moon's rising and setting, so that all possible advantage may be reaped of every hour of darkness."—*Lord Wolseley's Soldier's Pocket Handbook.*
2	F	Be vigilant, because your adversary walketh about.—*1 Peter 5, 8.*
3	S	I, saith the Lord, will be a wall of fire round about Jerusalem.—*Zech. 2, 5.*
4	S	I can do all things through Christ Which strengtheneth me.—*Phil. 4, 13.*
5	M	Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.—*Ps. 140, 7.*
6	TU	Only be thou very courageous.—*Josh. 1, 7.* In India, in 1857, Captain Gould Weston galloped all alone for five miles after 800 mutineers, and bade them return to their allegiance. They refused to yield, but were so captivated by his courage that they spared his life and let him return in safety.
7	W	One man of you shall chase a thousand.—*Josh. 23, 10.*
8	TH	Two should put ten thousand to flight.—*Deut. 32, 30.*
9	F	In the name of our God we will set up our banners.—*Ps. 20, 5.*
10	S	Thou shalt not be afraid for the arrow that flieth by day.—*Ps. 91. 5.*
11	S	I know thy works.—*Rev. 3, 8.*
12	M	Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept My word,
13	TU	And hast not denied My name.
14	W	Hold that fast which thou hast.
15	TH	She hath done what she could.—*Mark 14, 8.*
16	F	Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy;—*Micah 7, 8.*
17	S	When I fall, I shall arise.—"In seventy-six days out of 26,000 soldiers Soult lost 6,000. He had carried fifty-eight pieces of artillery into Portugal, and he returned without a gun; yet was his reputation as a stout and able soldier no way diminished."—*Napier's Peninsular War.*
18	S	God commanded me to make haste.—*2 Chron. 35, 21.*
19	M	I flee unto Thee to hide me.—*Ps. 143, 9.*
20	TU	A rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.—*Heb. 11, 6.*
21	W	I made haste to keep Thy commandments.—*Ps. 119, 60.*
22	TH	The slothful shall be put under taskwork.—*Prov. 12, 24 (R. V.)*
23	F	Rebecca hasted, and emptied her pitcher, and ran again.—*Gen. 24, 20.*
24	S	God maketh my feet like hinds' feet.—*Ps. 13, 33.* The quickest march ever made by foot soldiers was that of Crawfurd's Light Brigade in Spain, in 1809—sixty-two miles in twenty-four hours, each man carrying fifty-six pounds weight of arms, &c. They lost only seventeen stragglers. "Their step," says Sir H. Maxwell, "was one invented by Sir John Moore, three paces walking, then three running."
25	S	A still small voice. In Hebrew, a sound of gentle stillness.—*1 Kings 19, 12.*
26	M	The gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth.—*Luke 4, 22.*
27	TU	I spake openly; in secret have I said nothing.—*John 18, 20.*
28	W	A whisperer separateth chief friends.—*Prov. 16, 28.*
29	TH	The words of a whisperer are as dainty morsels.—*Prov. 18, 8 (R. V.)*
30	F	Whisperers, backbiters.—*Rom. 1, 29.* "Whispering tongues can poison truth."
31	S	When David perceived that his servants whispered—*2 Sam. 12, 19.*

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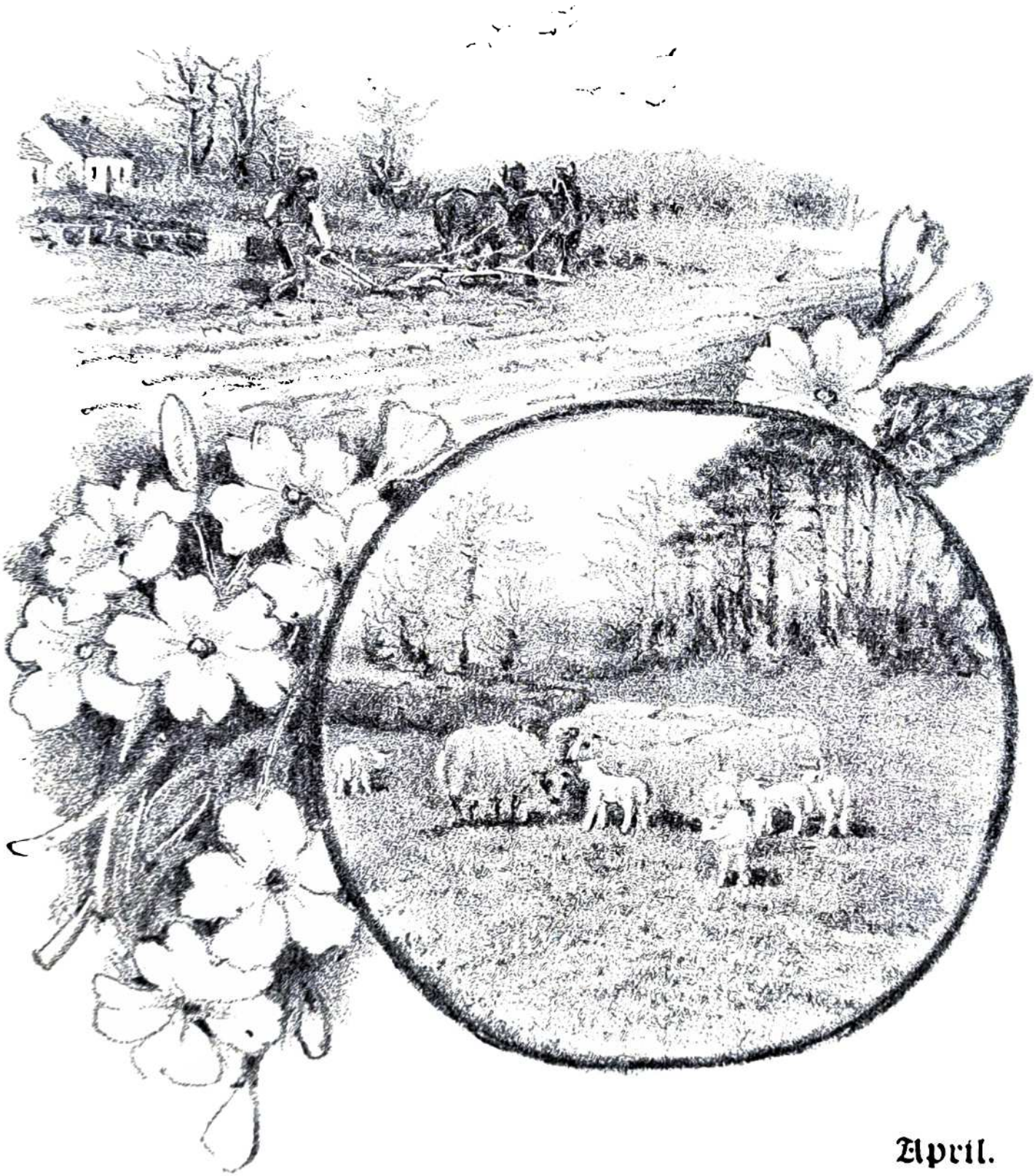

April.

WHEN the Christians were fighting the Moors in Spain a thousand years ago, we are told they were roused to fury at the battle of Lopera by seeing their enemies wearing Christian armour —some of them saw their own— that had been captured in a previous engagement. The Marquis of Cadiz saw a Moor on the horse that had been his own brother's, and he could not rest till he had killed him. And we do not wonder at his rage. We know ourselves how the soldiers in Africa have felt a peculiar anger every time they recognised, from the whistling of a shell, that it had been fired at them from a captured British gun.

Such incidents as these give us a little insight into what God has to suffer every moment, day, and night.

When we read of the fearful scenes at the storming of Badajoz in 1812, and are told that that name is a corruption of *Pax Augusta*, which means a Glorious Peace; or when we read of a battle at Salem in the American Civil War and remember that *King of Salem* is, by interpretation, King of Peace; or when we hear of battles fought on Sabbath, the day of rest—we cannot help being struck with the incongruity there is between the events and the names of the places and dates at which they happened. So also, when a despatch from the seat of war announced, two weeks ago, that General Gatacre had led his troops "as far as Bethany," one could not help thinking of the awful difference between these words and their use in the verse, at the close of Luke, that describes the last moments our Lord was to spend on earth till He comes again at the Day of Judgment—"And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven."

Every sin we commit against God, as the Larger Catechism so solemnly points out, has aggravations of time, and place, and circumstances. Every inch of the earth's surface is the Lord's, made by His hands, bought by His blood; every moment of time is part of His eternity; our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost; every man and woman whom we wrong is our brother and our sister, one of God's children. And when we look at Christ, and are compelled to say, "What are these wounds in Thine hands?" may we not hear Him answering, "Those with which I was wounded *in the house of My friends.*"

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 27.)

What is thy name?

In Deuteronomy 10, 17, God describes Himself as a great God, a mighty, and a terrible, and then adds—He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and loveth the stranger, in giving him food

What is thy Name?

and raiment. Love ye therefore the stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. We get the same view of God all through the Bible. "The stranger that is within thy gates" is never forgotten by God either in the commandments or in the promises. But until we learn from Him to be careful to entertain them, strangers are regarded by us all with hatred, or suspicion. The savage poises his spear when he sees a strange footprint. A new boy at school, like a strange cow in a field, leads a sore life for a day or two. Even in the house of God—incredible though it might well appear—the stranger is often treated as an intruder, or eyed as an offender.

Barbara.

That is why in many languages words like *hostis* and *barbarus* in Latin, which meant at first a foreigner, came to have bad meanings attached to them. The name BARBARA sounds rough and harsh till we remember that, like the less common name Peregrine amongst men, it means simply *a little stranger*, one who has come "out of the infinite into here." Mr. Barrie's book *The Little Minister* will doubtless give the name a new lease of life, at least in its charming Scotch form—Babbie.

Melanchthon's Mother.

The mother of the great Reformer, Philip Melanchthon, was a BARBARA REUTER, daughter of the Mayor of Britten, a town in Baden. Melanchthon after his marriage—he was very fond of rocking the cradle—used to say his house was "a little church of God." Doubtless his father's house might have been called that too, for his mother was a godly woman. She was sometimes perplexed, we are told, about the fierce controversies that were raging in those days, and when she asked her son about them, he would say, "Mother, don't you disturb yourself about them, just go on praying and labouring as you do!"

Bengel's Mother.

BARBARA SOPHIA, the daughter of John Schmidlinus, was the mother of Bengel, the great German commentator, who died in 1752. He is one of those men to whom every member of the Church of Christ is in debt, though it is only scholars who know his name and what he did. His mother so lived—and what more could be said?—that when she died, people wrote of her, "She went away to be with Christ."

MR. JOHN JAMES FARQUHARSON was a young man in my congregation, who died on the 27th January last. I wish to tell you something about him, partly to put such honour upon him as I can, but mostly, I hope, to put honour on his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Mr. Farquharson joined the British India Company's service at Bombay in February, 1896, and during the three-and-a-half years that passed before he came home on furlough in the s.s. *Manora* last October, made many voyages, calling at many ports, from Kurrachee in the North-West of India to Zanzibar and Delagoa Bay in Africa and Rangoon in Burma, carrying with him wherever he went the savour of a good name and a holy life, and the sunshine of a singularly happy, merry, joyous presence. In every

port he touched at he found out the place where prayer was wont to be made. He served as fourth engineer on board the s.s. *Nudda*, *Lawada*, *Huzara*, and *Chupra*, and as third on the *Kola*, *Byculla*, and *Madura*, being shifted from one to another as the requirements of traffic demanded. I have mentioned the names of these ships because ships have long lives, averaging nearly forty years, and because it is certain that, in a little while, some of the boys who read these pages will themselves be sailing in Eastern waters or living in Eastern lands, and the name of one of these ships, as they read it on the bow or on the stern or in its signal flags, may be to them as the opening of a page of memory.

Mr. Farquharson came home on the usual leave last October, and after passing with flying colours his examination for chief engineer, settled down for a few weeks' holiday. Of the great and special happinesses of these weeks, and of the circumstances that made his death unusually pathetic and trying to his widowed Mother and other friends and relatives, both at home and in India and Africa, it is not possible for me to speak. God Himself will tell all that hereafter. I must just come at once to the story of his death.

It was considered advisable that, before returning to India, he should undergo an operation for what both he himself and the doctors whom he consulted took to be only a slight ailment. On the 6th January he set out for the Glasgow Western Infirmary, full of hope, his last act before leaving his Mother's house being to engage in prayer. The operation, after some necessary delays, was fixed for Wednesday, the 17th. The evening before, he wrote two letters, as beautiful and worthy in every way as any that I ever read. In one of them, written to his Mother, and dated "7.30 p.m., Tuesday," he said—"I am quite happy to-night, as I leave all in God's hands as I believe He will carry me through. But should He want me in Heaven I am trusting in Jesus to get there, and you should be happy to know this."

He wrote also his will, beginning thus:

"WESTERN INFIRMARY,
GLASGOW, 16th Jany., 1900.

"As I know not what may happen to-morrow, I consider it proper to write this, which is my only will and testament.

"I am trusting in Jesus for salvation, and leave myself in God's hands. His will be done."

. . . .

As he was wheeled into the operating room next day, he closed his eyes, committing himself to God, and praying all the way, and comforting himself specially, as he had done during all his stay in the Infirmary, with the forty-sixth Psalm—

God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.

His trouble proved to be more serious than anyone had anticipated Unfavourable developments followed, till at last, in spite of all that the best human skill and tenderness on the part both of doctors and nurses could do, his

Mr. John F. Farquharson.

sufferings, which were very great, ended on Saturday, the 27th, in prostration and death. Amongst his last words were these—"O God, I am trusting."

From his will it appeared that, on the last evening of last year, he had written out, in a new pocket-book that had been given him, a little covenant with God.

Sabbath, 31st December 1899.

I, John J. Farquharson, desire on this the last day of 1899 to make this covenant with God.

The year now closing has been one of the happiest in my life. It has seen the fulfilment of several of my fondest hopes & in wonderful ways have my prayers been answered.

For all this I desire to give Thee, O God, the glory & praise.

By Thy grace I mean to serve Thee with all my heart & strength. Help me to fight against sin, and wherever I go may I ever remember this covenant.

God help me for Jesus sake

Amen.

"Sabbath, 31st December, 1899.

"I, John J. Farquharson, desire on this, the last day of 1899, to make this covenant with God.

"The year now closing has been one of the happiest in my life. It has seen the fulfilment of several of my fondest hopes, and in wonderful ways have my prayers been answered.

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"By Thy grace I mean to serve Thee with all my heart and strength. Help me to fight against sin, and wherever I go may I ever remember this covenant.

"God help me for Jesus' sake.

Amen."

A few days before he wrote that Covenant, he took part in a meeting at which our Congregation bade farewell to one of its number, Dr. Margaret M'Neil, who was setting out to engage in Medical Mission work in Madras. Mr. Farquharson and a brother engineer in the same Company's service, who was also home on furlough, were the last speakers that evening, and vied with each other in uttering kind and cheery words about God's work in India, and how they hoped to meet, and if possible to help, our Missionary there in days to come. And

within four-and-twenty hours of her arrival in Bombay, Mr. Farquharson was in the Better Land!

In December our Bible Class sent a little gift, with a text from each of its members, to another of our number, Miss Jessie Brown, engaged in mission work in Nagpur. Mr. Farquharson's text was the closing words of the 121st Psalm, and it was these we sang as we stood round him lying in his grave:

The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

In Scottish history there is a story told of the way in which the Clan, to which our friend belonged, tried, as they went forth to a battle in which they expected to die, to keep their names from being forgotten. To a spot where a stream

Down to the gathering river runs,
Each on one heap to cast a stone,
Came twice three hundred Farquharsons.

They raised that pile to keep for ever,
The memory of that loyal clan,
Then grudging not their vain endeavour,
Fell at Culloden to a man.

I have set up these pages as a little stone to our friend's memory, because he was willing and eager to live and do something for God and for the world. And maybe God, Who keeps a book of remembrance for them that fear Him, may cause, in His kindness to the lad, the page of this number of *The Morning Watch*, in which the copy of his Covenant is written, to fall into the hands of some one yet unborn, who, reading it, shall be constrained to say, "This God shall be my God, He will be my Guide even unto death."

Young People that have Something Still to Learn.

No. 4.—The boy that hangs up and flings down his "things" anyhow.

WHEN Dr. Chalmers was forty-four years of age and Professor of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews University, he noted in a letter to his wife that he had "got a new method of folding up his coat, which I shall teach you when I get home, which is of great use to a traveller. I am about as fond of it as I was of the new method of washing my hands."

What either of these new methods is I am sorry I can't tell you, though possibly all of us may have used them for many a year without knowing it. But I am certain that the method of hanging up a coat shown in the Illustration was neither his new one nor his old one, for Dr. Chalmers was orderly.

The overcoat in the picture was bought on the 5th October last for fifty-eight shillings and sixpence, and paid for, but already it is shabbier than many a coat that is as much used and is ten times its age. The boy who wears it is an only son, whose mother and three sisters are kept running at his heels from morning to night. They are

very proud of him, too, and I can't quite blame them, for he is not a bad lad, though, as you can see, he has some grave defects.

One of the pleasures of having a coat is that you can give it away to some one when you are done with it, but this boy's clothes are always so much spoilt and twisted out of shape that they are fit for little else than being sold as rags. And it is a pity. He will get a lesson some day, and I fear it will be a sharp one.

George Whitefield, the great preacher, said he didn't think he should die easy if he thought that even his gloves were out of their place. That is the other extreme. A man may be so orderly as to lose all sense of the proportion of things, and so become "pernickity."

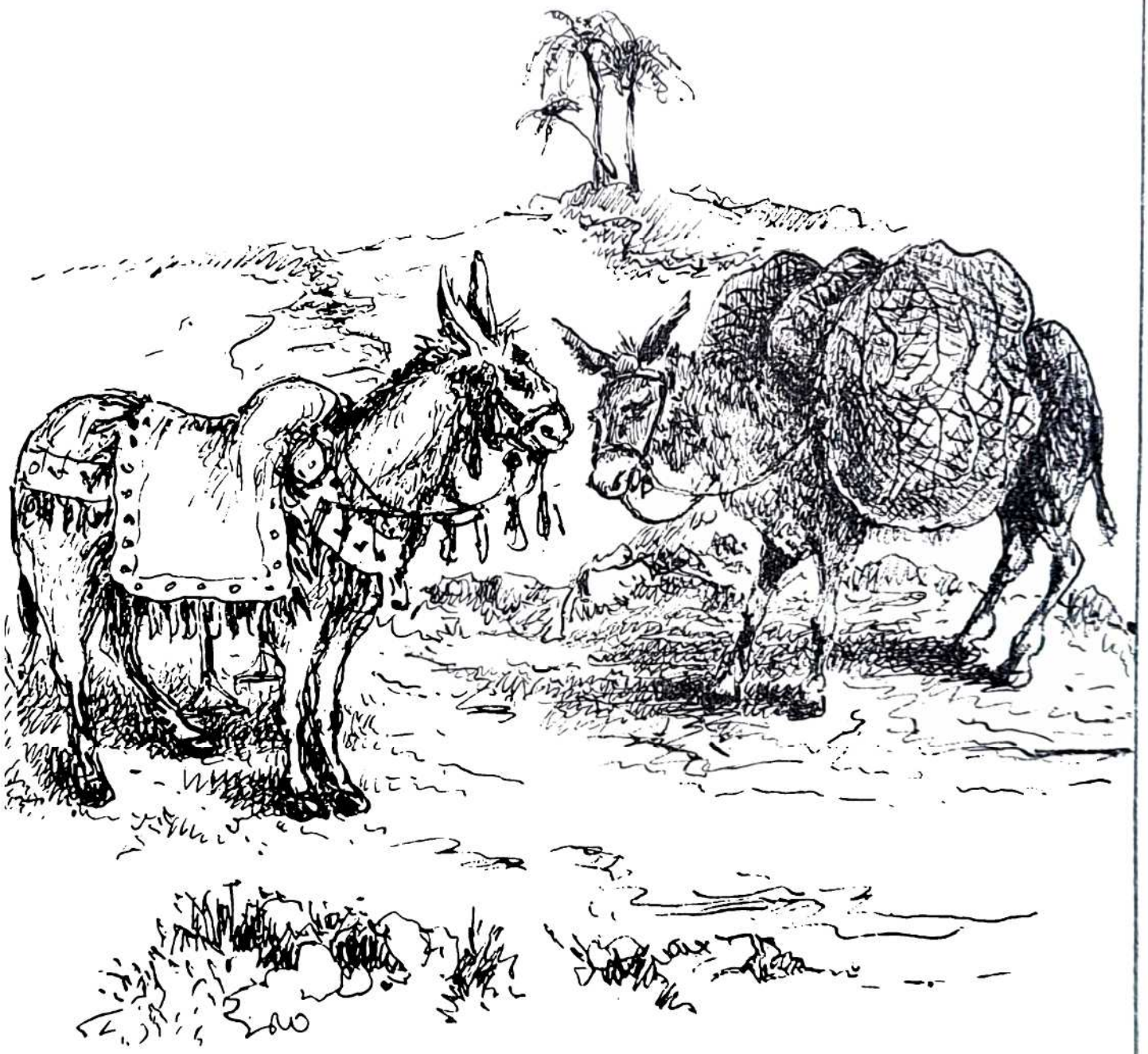
Never say you haven't time to put things by. There are twelve hours in the day, and the day is long enough for all the work that God gives us to do in it.

Now, a word to you boys who are going to be joiners. When you are men and working at new houses and are fixing up boards in rooms and lobbies for pegs to hang clothes on, don't put them up seven feet from the floor. We are not all Patagonians, and even if we were, Patagonians are not born six feet high. They have to grow, to pass through the three-feet and four-feet and five-feet stages like other men. And if your foreman says, "These boards have been put up seven feet high as long as I have been in the trade," tell him as respectfully and kindly as you can that an unwise custom is none the less unwise, but all the more so, because it is an old one. And for your encouragement in your work, remember how God has recorded in the book of Exodus the way in which the hooks of the tent of meeting were put up.

Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 4.

This young man does not go in the afternoons, because he thinks it his bounden duty as a Sabbath School Teacher to stay at home and prepare his Class Lesson carefully. This is a picture of him preparing carefully.

(Curiously enough he does not seem to know—owing probably to his having slept too long last Sabbath afternoon, for the third time running—that, as a distinguished Foreign Missionary is to address the children to-day, there is no need to prepare the ordinary Lesson.)



Behold, Thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.—Zech. 9, 9.

TWO ASSES met on Olivet,
Both old, but one seemed young;
One without speck, and from her neck
Gold bells, silk tassels hung.

And one abused, all cut and bruised
On loins and legs and head,
All sore his back, heavy the pack
With which 'twas burdened.

To him spake she: "Thou seest me—
My master's kind and good,
I'm richly dressed, have days of rest,
I feed on angels' food.

"And yet I'm full of rage, and dule,
And fret, and discontent;
My temper's quick, I bite and kick,
Unthankful, insolent.

"Your heritage, though twice my age,
Is hunger, toil, and woe;
What makes *you* glad and *me* so sad?
The charm I fain would know."

This the reply: "Know then that I
Once bore the Son of God;
It was on me He sat when He
In lowly triumph rode.

"Before that morn I ne'er had borne
Man, load, upon my back;
I longed—yet feared—for I had heard
Stick's blow, and sharp whip's crack.

"And yet I longed! felt I was wronged
Of something meant for me—
Of some great work I dare not shirk
That was my destiny.

"For in His Word we somehow heard—
God put it in my soul—
These words were writ, 'Thy King
shall sit
Upon an ass's foal.'

"My mother smiled; and wept; 'My
child,'
She said, 'Such hopes are vain;
Thy manhood shall be servitude,
Thy portion shall be pain.'

"So we were set where two ways met—
The way ahead so dim!
And even then there spake two men,
'The Lord hath need of him!'

"Quickly we went. Astonishment
Possessed us both outright;
Filled with one thought—What hath
God wrought!—
We two came home at night.

"So many years! Yet it appears
One day, since first I saw
Immanuel's face, so full of grace;
Love filled my heart, and awe.

"On her He smiled, then on her child,
Began my neck to stroke,
And thus He said, 'Be not afraid,
For easy is Christ's yoke.'

"O lightsome load! Strong Son of God!
Thine arm did me uphold,
I carried Thee, Thou carriedst me,
And carriest me now old!

"And I adored the Mighty Lord,
Yet loved Him as was meet;
How could I dare my love declare?
I touched—I kissed—His feet!

"The answering thrill—I feel it still
Though thirty years are gone;
When blows fall thick, cut to the quick,
I feel that thrill alone!

"From me, from you, is hid all view
Of what lies death beyond:
Him I'll not see, yet there shall be
One everlasting bond

"Betwixt us both. O I am loath
To die—and no more be—
Yet when I'm dust, surely I must
Live in His memory!

"How could He look upon the Book
Of God's fulfilled decree,
And wear His crown amongst His own,
And not remember me!"

1	S	A just God.—*Is. 45, 21.*
2	M	Was it not told my lord what I did?—*1 Kings 18, 13.*
3	Tu	The Lord's eyes behold the children of men.—*Ps. 11, 4.*
4	W	God is not unrighteous to forget your work.—*Heb. 6, 10.*
5	Th	The Lord God of recompences.—*Jer. 51, 56.*
6	F	Thy work shall be rewarded.—*Jer. 31, 16.* "While Lieut. Lockhart was doing this gallant deed, a shot passed through his right cheek, under his tongue, and through his left cheek, smashing his right jaw in pieces; but he was refused the Victoria Cross because his commanding officer, writing under fire, wrote his recommendation in pencil and not on the regulation form of paper. When he wrote again after the siege, he was told it was too late."—*Malleson's Indian Mutiny.*
7	S	With righteousness shall He judge the world.—*Ps. 98, 9.*
8	S	Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?—*Ps. 139, 7.*
9	M	Thou upholdest me in mine integrity,
10	Tu	And settest me before Thy face for ever.—*Ps. 41, 12.*
11	W	In the multitude of my thoughts within me.—*Ps. 94, 19.*
12	Th	O Lord, Thou knowest: remember me.—*Jer. 15, 15.*
13	F	And visit me. "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me."—Sir Jacob Astley's prayer before the Battle of Edgehill, Sabbath, 23rd October, 1642.
14	S	O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.—*Is. 38, 14.*
15	S	Lead me, O Lord.—*Ps. 5, 3.*
16	M	Thou tellest (countest) my wanderings.—*Ps. 56, 8.*
17	Tu	Thou numberest my steps.—*Job 14, 9.*
18	W	He bare them, and carried them all the days of old.—*Is. 63, 9.*
19	Th	I laid me down and slept;
20	F	I awaked: for the Lord sustained me.—*Ps. 3, 5.*
21	S	The Lamb shall lead them.—*Rev. 7, 17.* Captain Speke, who was killed at the assault of Delhi in 1857—brother of the African traveller—said, when dying: "Thy ways are not our ways, but they are just and true."
22	S	He hath put a new song in my mouth.—*Ps. 40, 2.*
23	M	This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him.—*Ps. 34, 6.*
24	Tu	The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—*Rom. 8, 18.*
25	W	Our light affliction, which is but for a moment.—*2 Cor. 4, 17.* The poet Cowper died a hundred years ago to-day. A little before his death, he refused a soothing draught, saying, "*What does it signify?*" These were his last words.
26	Th	They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house:
27	F	And Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures.
28	S	For with Thee is the fountain of life.—*Ps. 36, 8.*
29	S	As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God.—*Ps. 123, 2.*
30	M	I will guide thee with Mine eye.—*Ps. 32, 8.* The natives used to say of Sir H. Lawrence, who was killed at Lucknow, 1857, "When he looks twice up to heaven and once down to earth, and then strokes his beard, Sir Henry knows what to do."

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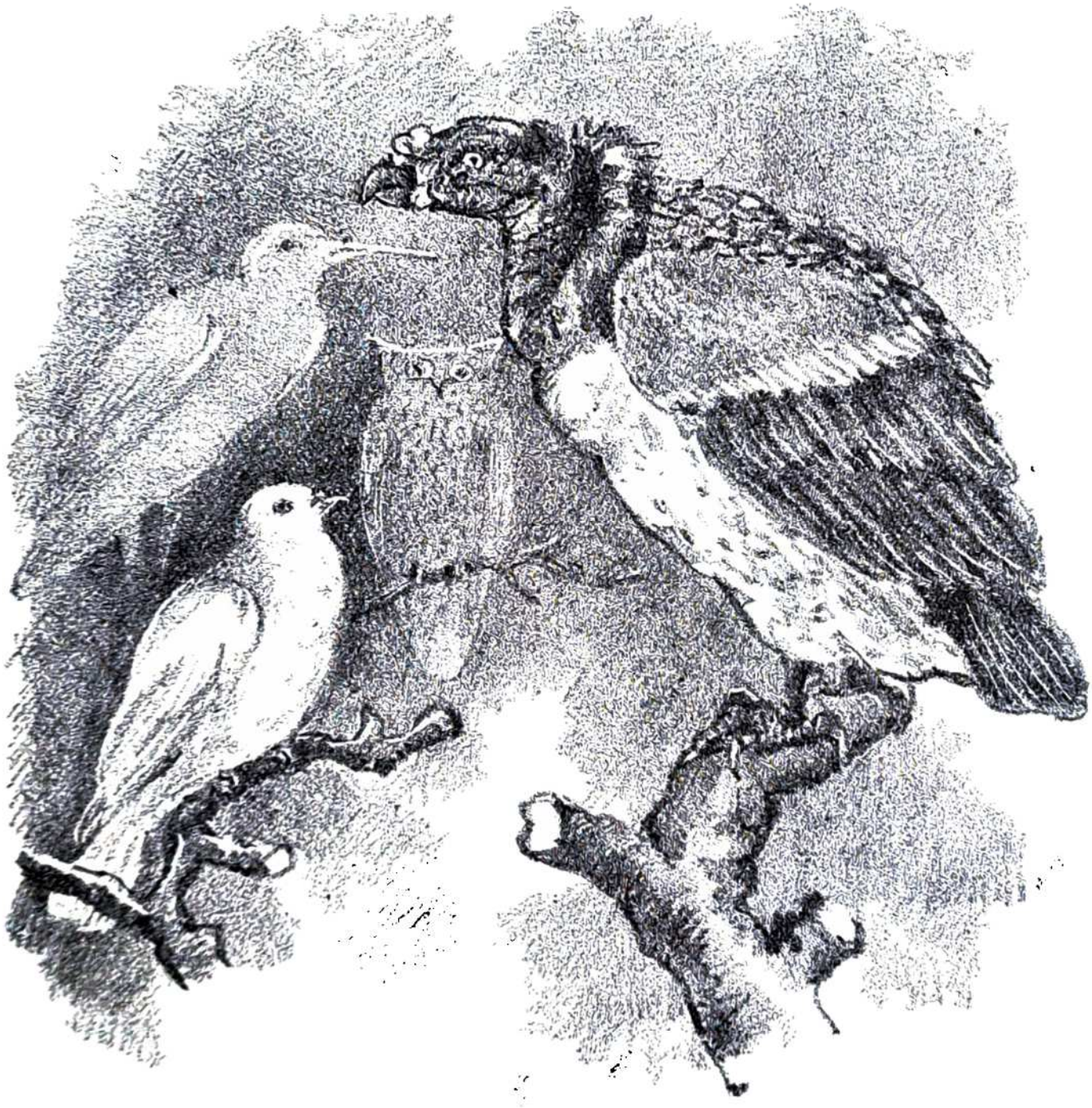


Vulture and Dove.

And, behold, two blind men, sitting by the way side, when they heard that Jesus passed by, cried out, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, Thou Son of David. And the multitude rebuked them, because they should hold their peace.—Matt. 20, 30.

WHEN Lord Roberts was presented with the Freedom of the City of Glasgow a few years ago, I was witness of an interesting and touching sight. The public ceremony in the City Hall was followed by a luncheon in the Municipal Buildings. In the open carriage in which Lord Roberts sat there were his aide-de-camp, Captain Freemantle I think; General Chapman, Commanding the Forces in Scotland; and also, of course, the Lord Provost, all in full uniform. But alongside the carriage, and holding on to the door, there ran a tatterdemalion, whose broken-down appearance and excited manner of speech took away all dignity from the scene, and made it, indeed, nothing less than ridiculous. The spectators who lined the streets were visibly annoyed. I remember that one man, standing in a group beside me, said, "Why hasn't the coachman the sense to lash the fellow off?" The coachman and footman beside him did turn round and look at the man more than once, but that was all they did, though whether in obedience to orders or not I do not know. But there the man ran, and continued to run, holding on and speaking evidently with great emotion. When the carriage drew up at the main entrance in George Square, the man kept on speaking, and, to the amazement of everybody, Lord Roberts kept on listening. The man was apparently an old soldier with a grievance. After listening for some time Lord Roberts left the carriage, but presently his aide-de-camp came forward, led the man aside, took out his notebook, and wrote down some words to his dictation. What happened after that I do not know, but I am sure the gracious kindly courtesy that made Lord Roberts listen to the man would keep him from forgetting him; his case, whatever it was, would be inquired into.

That has ever been the way with men of kingly nature. "The essential point of manners," says a distinguished diplomatist, Sir Robert Morier, in a paper on an Ambassador's Ideals, "is not to betray when you are bored. Therefore listen to all complaints; answer all letters; do not cut interviews short because the visitor happens to be poor or humble. Remember your time is paid for by the State."

There is a still higher ideal, however, than not to *look* bored, and that is not to *be* bored. And that ideal we see fulfilled in Christ.

> For He despised not nor abhorred
> The afflicted's misery,
> Nor from him hid His face, but heard
> When he to Him did cry.

It is a royal thing to listen to a man in trouble. No throne can stand that withholds the right of access, or refuses to its subjects the right to petition. "I have no time to hear you," said Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, to a poor woman who asked for audience. "Then," said she, "cease to be king!"

The father of Frederick the Great of Prussia, the story goes, was one day out driving, when a peasant came running with a paper. The King bade the driver stop, took the paper, but to his surprise found no writing on it, but only a square with some scrawls and blots of ink.

"What does this mean?" said the King.

"I can't write," said the peasant, "but I drew this to show what I want."

"Very well; just explain it."

The peasant accordingly mounted the step of the carriage and said: "This here, look you, is my turnip field, and these are my turnips; ah! Mr. King, they're good, I tell you, you ought to taste them."

"Go on," said the King.

"Well, these here, look you," continued the peasant, pointing to the blots, "are the squire's pigs; they have got in and eaten all my good turnips, and I am a ruined man. Dear Mr. King, the squire won't pay me for the damage, which is not fair in him, and I want you to be so kind as to send word to him to pay me for the turnips. And I'll not grudge you a dish of them, if you see me righted."

So the King caused the man's name and address to be taken down, and had the matter attended to that very day. Two days afterwards the peasant, laden with a bag full of turnips, called at the palace. The King having ordered him to be brought in, the poor man said he had come to give the King thanks. Then he emptied his bag on the table, and picking out a few small ones handed them to the Queen, telling her that if she would keep one of them in her mouth when she was spinning, it would help her to wet the thread properly! The King and Queen, needless to add, were well pleased, and dismissed the poor man with a present.

"The only way to govern a country," said a great Indian administrator, "is—*to keep the four doors open*, to give the people constant access." And that is the way God deals with us. Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, and having an High Priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 39.)

What is thy name?

Barbara Allan.

THERE are two of our Scottish legendary ballads which have to do with women named BARBARA. The one is about BARBARA ALLAN who refused the hand of Sir John Graeme:

He sent his man down thro' the town
To the place where she was dwelling;
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

. . . . .

What is thy Name?

"Remember ye not in the tavern, Sir,
When ye the cups were filling,
How ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

The Marchioness of Douglas

The other is about LADY BARBARA ERSKINE, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Mar, who in 1670 married, to her cost, the Marquis of Douglas. Straitened circumstances and incompatibility of temper made her life so unhappy that, after ten years' "joyless residence" in Douglas Castle she returned to her father's house, where she died in 1690. The ballad about her begins, "O waly, waly, up the bank." Two of its verses are the well known:

Hey nonnie, nonnie! but love is bonnie,
A little while when it is new;
But when its auld it waxes cauld,
And fades awa like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik, (oak)
I thocht it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brake,
And sae did my fause love to me.

The cause of her husband's estrangement was a cruel falsehood told by his factor—one of the many who have made the name "factor" so odious in Scotland—a man named Lowrie who had married the heiress of Blackwood:

When I was sick, and very sick,
When I was sick, and like to dee,
I drew me near to my stair head,
And I heard my ain lord lichtly me.

"Come down, come down, O Jamie Douglas,
And drink the orange wine wi' me;
I'll set thee on a chair o' gowd,
And serve thee on my bended knee."

"When sea and sand turn far inland,
And mussels grow on ilka tree,
When cockle shells turn siller bells,
I'll drink the orange wine wi' thee."

It's fair ye weel, my bonnie palace,
And you my bonnie children three;
God grant your father grace to be kind,
And love ye better than he has loved me.

But wae be to you, fause Blackwood,
Aye, and an ill death may ye dee;
Ye was the first and foremost man
Wha parted my guid lord and me.

It was her son, young Lord Angus, who in 1680, in one day, raised from one section of the Covenanters a regiment twelve hundred strong, known for two centuries as the 26th Cameronians, but of late as the Scottish Rifles. The Cameron Highlanders, or 79th Foot, are of course another regiment altogether. It was Lord Angus' men who, under him and the gallant William Cleland, the man who won Drumclog, for five hours resisted and finally defeated the five thousand Jacobite Highlanders who surrounded them at Dunkeld.

What is thy name?

Duchess of Cleveland.

THERE is another BARBARA, notorious in British history, more to be pitied than either of these two, BARBARA VILLIERS, DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND, one of the many ungodly women who lived at the court of Charles II., whose sins and crimes our country has had to pay for, in more ways than one, for more than two hundred years. She was a pervert to Romanism, very beautiful, very hot-tempered, very fickle, very wasteful, and very very miserable She was a gambler, staking sometimes £1,500 in a single throw of the dice, and was known to lose at one sitting as much as £25,000. At the theatre, on one occasion, she was said to be wearing £40,000 worth of jewellery, but the poorest girl in all the realm that had an unstained character was incomparably more richly adorned than she. On the 1st July, 1667, it is recorded that she called his most gracious and sacred majesty King Charles a fool, to his face—so surely does "the false love turn to hate"—and made him go down on his knees and beg her pardon. There was not an honest man in all the land that would have done her reverence. There are two other scenes, described in the diaries of that age, in which she and the king will for ever live in history. He and she were seen one night, at the Duchess of Monmouth's, chasing a moth, fit emblem of their life; and on another day, 13th May, 1662, "the king and she did send for a pair of scales, and they did weigh one another." And there, weighed in the balances, and found wanting, we leave them both.

Mrs. Wilberforce. Mrs. Nasmyth.

Mrs. Syme.

Mrs. Hamilton.

But we must not leave the BABBIES with a bad taste in our mouths. The wife of William Wilberforce, the Abolitionist, was a BARBARA SPOONER; the mother of James Nasmyth of steam-hammer fame was a BARBARA FOULIS; John Livingstone, the Covenanting minister under whom the great revival at the Kirk of Shotts took place in 1630, was the grandson of a BARBARA; and BARBARA SPOTTISWOOD was the mother of Professor James Syme, the eminent surgeon, the man whom the author of *Rab and His Friends* described in words which, though Latin, are easy to understand—"Verax, capax, perspicax, sagax, efficax, tenax." Some of the godly women who were Samuel Rutherford's friends were also named BARBARA, of whom I shall mention only one, Mrs. HAMILTON, who had a son, destined for the ministry, killed in battle; on which occasion Rutherford wrote to her: "When God was directing the bullet against His servant, to fetch out his soul, no wise man could cry to God, 'Wrong, wrong, Lord, for he is Thine Own.' There is no mist over His eyes Who is wonderful in counsel."

Such as are for death to death; such as are for captivity to captivity.—Jer. 43, 11.

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

No. 5.—The Boy that never wipes his feet.

CAN you blame Cook for being angry? It takes her fifteen minutes to do these steps every day, and it looks as if boys tried to see how many dirty marks they can make on them before they are well dry.

Now, boys, 1. Don't go up a clean stair unless you can't help it. 2. Wipe your shoes carefully. 3. Step lightly. 4. Go up and down two steps at a time if you can.

And so you will please both God and the woman that washes them, and it will all be paid back to you some day some other way.

The Dove's Lost Olive Leaf.

WHILE the birds were in life, Spring was the pleasantest time of the year to them, and their morning bath the merriest part of each day's work. But now that they were stuffed, and the most of their five wits gone, washing and dusting and cleaning had become very hateful to them, partly, no doubt, because these operations were so seldom done, and generally badly done. We can all wash our own faces better even than our mothers can do it for us; and so with the birds. They were rubbed the wrong way, and in consequence were completely upset, all of them morally, many of them literally. Yet I think the chief element in their discomposure when cleaning time came was their association with the attendants in the Museum, to whom the "Spring cleaning," instead of being, as God meant it to be, a joyful type of the Resurrection, was invariably a time of strife and mutual irritation.

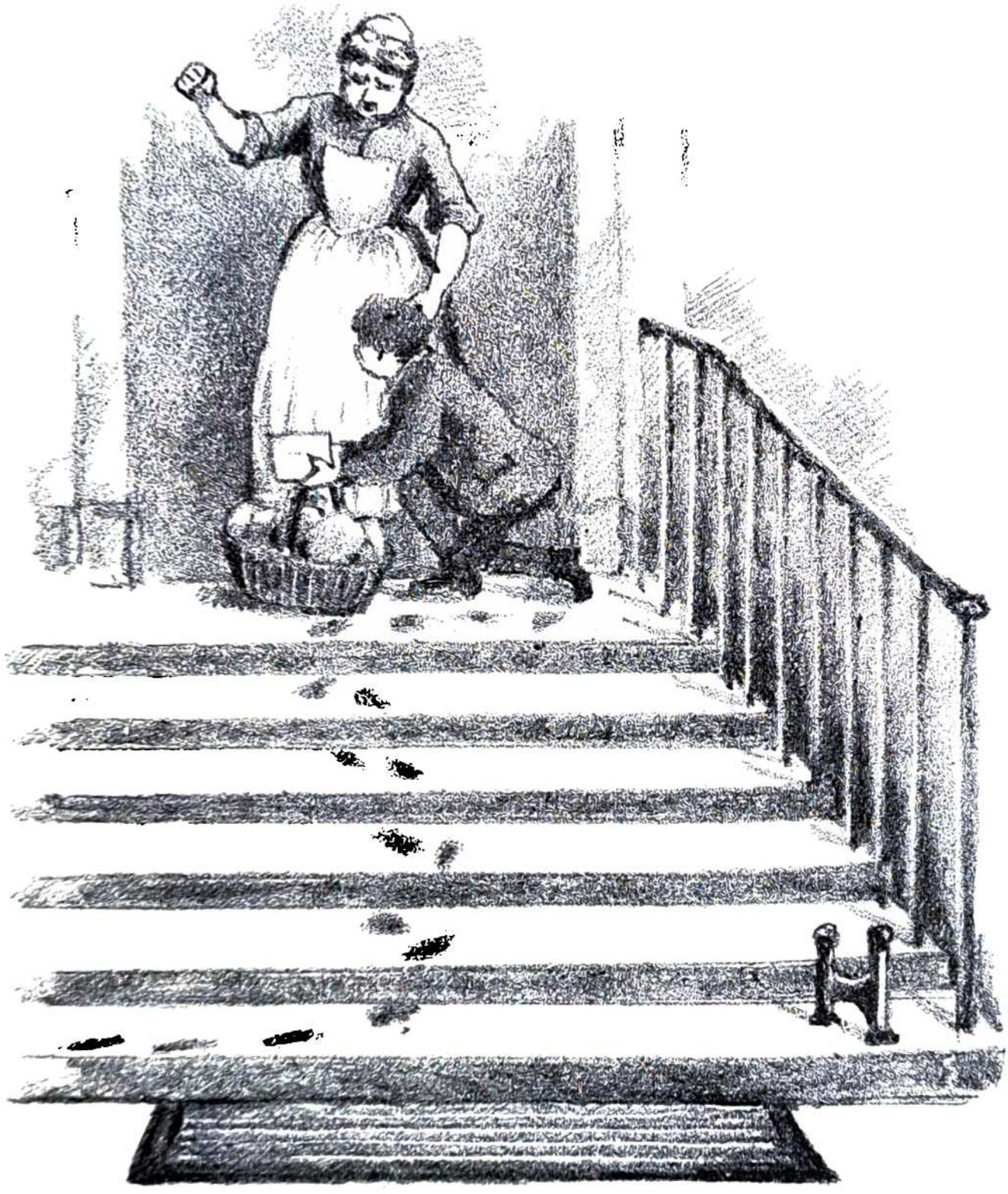
This year things in the Museum were worse than ever. Some of the birds lost their eyes, and being fitted with new ones that either didn't belong to them or weren't pairs, complained bitterly, as well they might, of distorted vision and of lost mental equilibrium.

"Look here," said one bird, "I can't see anything with those eyes you have given me nearer than a fixed star. I'm no bird at all now, I'm a telescope that won't work!"

"And I," said another, "am a microscope. I used to have long vision, looking before and after, and now I can't see further than the root of my bill. O mother, mother! I'm sorry I was so disobedient."

A third had lost its claws and was afraid to sleep lest it should fall off its perch; and when it was glued on, lamented bitterly that it could not move its toes, for though the toes were away it somehow felt as if they were still there!

Even the poor dove, a homer, or as people generally called it, a carrier-pigeon, murmured as it had never done before. It had lost its olive leaf, its badge from time immemorial. As the news of this latest disaster spread, the uproar became very great. Four thousand years and more had passed since that bird's ancestor had brought the glad news that the waters of the Flood were abated from off the



earth, but the tradition of the joy there was in the Ark that day was still very fresh and vivid. And though the birds had never really been on perfect speaking terms since, yet they believed that, as surely as there had been a Flood, so surely would there be a Millennium. The loss of the olive leaf, therefore, meant that a cherished hope was gone as well as a cherished memory. So the clangour got fiercer

and fiercer. Who had ever seen a dove without an olive leaf? The very owl waxed plaintive.

"I was only once in a church in my life," he said. "Not that I didn't wish to go, but you all know I don't sleep at nights. Others might go and sleep in the church, but I was never one of that kind. I had too great a regard for the church. A lot of people go now-a-days that would be better away. The hyprocrisy of this age is fearful to contemplate. But as I was saying, I once got into a church by mistake, and I couldn't see my way out till night came. But I remember most distinctly seeing a dove with an olive leaf in its mouth over the pulpit. And now am I to be told that the churches that our fathers went to—ay, there were good people in those days—are to be desecrated this way? I tell you, I will never enter a church door again. It makes my blood—or rather my tow and sawdust—boil to think of it! The church I was so fond of!"

Whereupon the dove murmured louder than ever, "I want my olive leaf, I want my olive leaf."

"Now, look here," said a vulture that was standing by itself at a distance, "I know all about the olive leaf; I had an ancestor in the Ark as well as any of you, and well pleased he was that day the dove came back. But what right had our friend here to an olive leaf? That's what I wish to know. You all count me an unclean bird. Not one of you ever spoke a civil word to me since I came here. I don't deny I've eaten horses, and camels, and men too, for that matter, but they were all dead before I touched any one of them. I never killed anybody in my life. What about our friend here? For a whole year he was employed by gamblers and betting men to carry to an office in Edinburgh the results of races and things like that, that ruined many many a young fellow. And then our friend was sold to a Foreign War Office, and carried news to the enemy about the movements of our soldiers, and hundreds of them were captured in consequence, and scores of them were killed. I don't say he knew what he was doing, for I don't believe he did. But he should just prate a little less about that olive leaf. *Neither man nor bird can live on the reputation of his ancestors.*"

"A Sabbath well Spent."

(A Bible Class Exercise.)

THE FAMILY INTRODUCED.	A mother in Israel. . . . A woman of good understanding, and of a beautiful countenance. . . . A man that was upright, one that feared God, and eschewed evil. . . . Having his children in subjection. . . . As for the children, God gave them knowledge.	Judges 5. 7. 1 Sam. 25. 3. Job 1, 1. 1 Tim. 3, 4. Dan. 1, 17.
THE WEEK BEFORE.	Not slothful in business. . . . Eating not the bread of idleness.	Rom. 12, 11. Prov. 31, 27.

THE PREPARATION OF THE SABBATH: SATURDAY NIGHT.

To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord; bake that ye will bake to-day, and seethe that ye will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning. . . . Prepare you victuals. . . . I have prepared the house. . . . The door is now shut. . . . Commune with your heart upon your bed.

Ex. 16, 23.
Josh. 1, 11.
Gen. 24, 31.
Luke 11, 7.
Ps. 4, 4.

SABBATH MORNING. BREAKFAST AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

Hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and bodies washed with pure water. . . . In the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed. . . . He returned to bless his household. . . . Thou preparest a table before me. . . . They did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart. . . . Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest; Thou, and the ark of Thy strength. Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let Thy saints shout for joy.

Heb. 10, 22.
Mark 1, 35.
2 Sam. 6, 20.
Ps. 23, 5.
Acts 2, 46.
Ps. 132, 8.

GETTING READY FOR CHURCH.

Be clean, and change your garments, and let us arise, and go up to Bethel. . . . Whose adorning let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. . . . Thy beauty was perfect through My comeliness which I put upon thee, saith the Lord.

Gen. 35, 2.
1 Pet. 3, 4.
Ezek. 16, 14.

ON THE ROAD.

Walk as children of light. . . . We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company. . . . Some abode behind, which were so faint that they could not go. . . . They brought a willing offering unto the Lord.

Eph. 5, 8.
Ps. 55, 14.
1 Sam. 30, 10.
Ex. 35, 29.

THEY CALL ON SOME NON-CHURCH-GOERS.

Come thou with us and we will do thee good. . . . How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? . . . If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!

Num. 10, 29.
Hosea 11, 8.
Luke 19, 42.

STRANGERS STOP THEM.

Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is. . . . Sir, we would see Jesus.

1 Sam. 9, 18.
John 12, 20.

IN CHURCH.

Go and sit down in the lowest room. . . . Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God. . . . Ezra stood upon a pulpit of wood, which they had made for the purpose. . . . He prayed earnestly. . . . Chenaniah was over the song. . . . He opened the book in the sight of all the people; for he was above all the people. He read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading. . . . He lifted up his hands and blessed them.

Luke 14, 10.
Acts 10, 34.
Neh. 8, 4-8.

THE INTERVAL.

They asked each other of their welfare. . . . Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? . . . Come home with me, and

Ex. 18, 7.
Gen. 43, 27.
1 Kings 13, 7.

refresh thyself. . . . They continued in prayer. — Acts, 1 14.

A Stranger Preaches in the Afternoon. This new doctrine. . . . With one accord they gave heed. . . . They searched the Scriptures whether these things were so. . . . They changed their minds. . . . This is an holy man of God. . . . They saw no man save Jesus only. . . . They were pricked in their heart. . . . What must I do to be saved? . . . They besought that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath. . . . They departed with fear and great joy. . . . They went again unto their own home.

Acts 17, 19.
,, 8, 6.
,, 17, 11.
,, 28, 6.
2 Kings 4, 9.
Acts 2, 37.
,, 16, 30.
,, 13, 42.
Ps. 87, 5.
Matt. 28, 8.
John 20, 10.

Tea-time. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things. — Ps. 103, 2.

Sabbath School. Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor. . . . Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in. . . . And yet there is room. . . . Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord. . . . The priests saw the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna.

Luke 14, 21.
Ps. 127, 3.
Matt. 21, 15.

The Bible Class. Our sons as plants grown up in their youth; our daughters as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. — Ps. 144, 12.

Home, Catechism, Singing, Reading, Conversation, Worship. There they shall lay their garments; and shall put on other garments. . . . Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them. . . . Hearing and asking questions. . . . The children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service. . . . They rehearsed the matter from the beginning. And all they that heard it wondered at the things which were told them. . . . Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart.

Ezek. 42, 14.
Acts 24, 29.
Luke 2, 46.
Ex. 12, 26.
Acts 11, 4.
Luke 2, 18.

Race shall Thy works praise unto race,
The mighty act show done by Thee.
I will speak of the glorious grace,
And honour of Thy majesty. — Ps. 145, 4.

And so to Bed. Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet. — Prov. 3, 24.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. His master saw that the Lord was with him. . . . They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.

Gen. 39, 2.
Acts 4, 13.

Mary G. M'Neil.

Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 5.

This girl spends at least two hours daily trying to teach that bird to say "Pretty Polly" and "Give me a kiss," and all in vain, for the parrot will do nothing but screech, to the annoyance of the whole house and neighbourhood. And she seldom goes to church, "because the singing gives her such killing headaches, and ministers have such a tiresome way of repeating themselves."

1	Tu	A time of war.—*Eccles. 3 8.*
2	W	Is it a time to receive money, and vineyards, and sheep?—*2 Kings 5, 26.*
3	Th	The ark, and Israel, and Judah abide in tents.—*2 Sam. 11, 11.*
4	F	Woe to them that are at ease.—*Amos 6, 1-6.*
5	S	Ye that drink wine in bowls, but are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph. "If I die in the field, my executor is not bound to pay any legacies till peace is restored. During the war no one has a right to demand any thing."—*Frederick the Great's Will.*
6	S	Jonathan strengthened David's hand in God.—*1 Sam. 23, 16.*
7	M	His armourbearer said, I am with thee according to thine heart.—*Ch. 14, 7.*
8	Tu	God comforted us by the coming of Titus.—*2 Cor. 7, 6.*
9	W	Whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage.—*Acts 28, 15.*
10	Th	Your zeal hath stirred up very many.—*2 Cor. 9, 2 (R. V.)*
11	F	When certain came from James, Peter withdrew, fearing,—*Gal. 2, 12.*
12	S	And the other Jews dissembled with him. "What do you say concerning valour and courage?" *Answer:* Cowards ever do more hurt than good, being like an X before an L."—*Cromwell's Soldiers' Catechism, 1644.*
13	S	When will ye be wise?—*Ps. 94, 8.*
14	M	They have refused to receive correction.—*Jer. 5, 3.*
15	Tu	Give me understanding.—*Ps. 119, 34.*
16	W	Surely I am more brutish than any man.—*Prov. 30, 2.*
17	Th	The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom.—*Job 28, 28.*
18	F	Lead me in Thy truth.—*Ps. 25, 25.* The inscription on the grave of J. R. Green, the historian, at Mentone is—"He died learning."
19	S	O the depth of the riches of the wisdom of God.—*Rom. 11, 33.*
20	S	Come, for all things are now ready.—*Luke 14, 17-23.*
21	M	Compel them to come in.
22	Tu	Is this the manner of man, O Lord God?—*2 Sam. 7. 19.* "It was then the use of Pudding-burn House, And o' Mangerton House—'All Hail.' But them that cam na at the first ca' Got nae mair meat till the neist meal."—*Old Ballad.*
23	W	All day long have I stretched forth My hands unto a disobedient people.—*Rom. 10, 21.* "An invitation, according to my notion of the thing, ought only to occur once in a man's whole life, but it should run thus, 'Whenever you come my way, I shall always be glad to see you.'"—*Letter of Dr. Chalmers' Brother.*
24	Th	How often would I—and ye would not!—*Matt. 24, 37.*
25	F	How shall I give thee up, Ephraim!—*Hosea 11, 8.*
26	S	And yet there is room.—*Luke 14, 22.* Come.—*Rev. 22, 17.*
27	S	I conferred not with flesh and blood.—*Gal. 1, 16.*
28	M	I made haste.—*Ps. 119, 60.* "When every officer hurried to his post, Captain Lionel Showers alone loitered."—*Letter of Sir John Lawrence during the Mutiny.*
29	Tu	Give the more diligence to make your election sure.—*2 Pet. 1, 10 (R. V.)*
30	W	Be diligent.—*ch. 3, 14.* "What a word is *diligently!*"—*Sir J. Bramston's father, dying.*
31	Th	While they went away to buy, the bridegroom came.—*Matt. 25, 10 (R. V.).*

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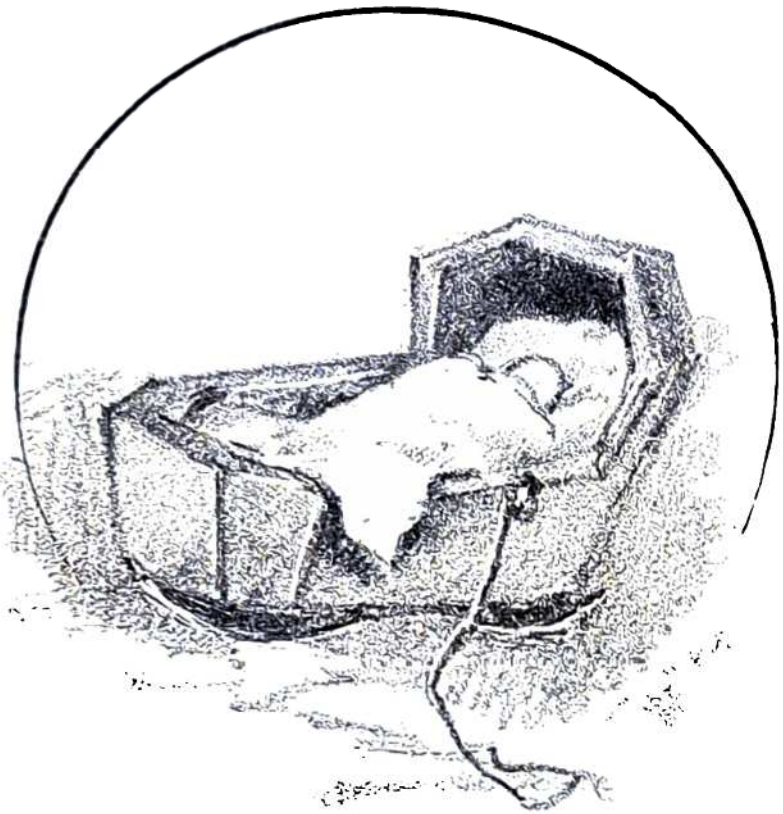


His
First Sleep
and
His Last.

Set me as a seal upon Thine arm.—Song of Solomon 8, 6.

IN a railway carriage the other day I sat opposite a girl who wore on her wrist a chain of gold, with a pendant which had on the one side a little photograph of Lord Roberts and on the other one of Baden-Powell. That meant of course that she honoured and admired these men, that for the present, at least, they were a bit of her life and often in her mind, specially I hope at the most solemn moments of the day. Bracelets and pendants shall themselves, as fashion changes, be discarded and thrown aside. But even before that time comes, these miniatures will give way to others. They may give way, indeed, at any hour. "To-day the Capitol, to-morrow the Tarpeian Rock," said General Trochu, who for a few weeks, and a few weeks only, was the idol of Paris thirty years ago. The Capitol was the hill up which Roman generals went when they celebrated a "triumph" long ago, and the Tarpeian Rock was the precipice at the other end of it over which State criminals were thrown. Many a hero's immortality has lasted less than seven days. A moment's forgetfulness on his own part, the blunder of a subordinate, a newspaper slander, may cast his honour to the ground.

Men stand upon the brink
Of a precipice every day;
A drop of printer's ink
Their poise may overweigh.

And what nothing else can do, time will. A generation will arise that shall not know Lord Roberts and shall ask in vain who Baden-Powell was. The stars we see so bright to-night will set, and others will take their place. But they whom God loves, and helps, and honours, He will love unto the end, for He loved them from the beginning. They whom He sets as a seal upon His arm, He graves upon the palms of His hands and sets as a seal upon His heart.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 53.)

What is thy name?

Beatrice.

THE word BEATRICE means "one who blesses," one who is not only happy in herself but the cause that happiness is in others. No finer thing than that could be said of anybody, boy or girl, man or woman. For such a description would prove us to be the heirs of the covenant which God made with Abraham, when He said, "I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing," and joint-heirs with Christ Whose highest honour is that

Men shall be blessed in Him, and Blessed
All nations shall Him call.

Every girl is sent into the world to make people good and happy;

Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words

What is thy Name?

And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

That is what the Bible calls her birthright. But she may despise it and sell it for a moment's miserable pleasure, and then her parents and all who know her curse the day on which she was born.

Dante's Beatrice

IT was love for a little girl, BEATRICE PORTINARI, whom he saw for the first and almost last time when she was eight years of age, he being only nine himself, which was the great inspiration of the life of Dante. His great poem, the *Divina Commedia*, made the Italian language, began European literature, and is one of the landmarks of the world's history, and he wrote it to fulfil the vow he made, if it were God's will to spare him, "to write concerning Beatrice that which hath not before been written of any woman." She died 9th June, 1290, in her twenty-fourth year. He followed thirty-one years afterwards, when he was fifty-six, believing and affirming that from this life he should pass to a better, "there where the lady lives whom my soul loved, who now gloriously gazes on the countenance of Him Who is Blessed for ever and ever." It may interest some to know that on the day Dante saw her, "her dress was of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her tender age." She was married when young to one Simone de' Bardi, and, it is believed, never knew the place she held in Dante's mind and heart.

Mrs. Blair.

BEATRIX was at one time a common name in Scotland. Robert Blair, the Covenanter, of whom you may read in the *Scots Worthies*, was the son of BEATRIX MUIR, a woman of ancient family, who, after a widowhood of half-a-century, died almost a hundred years old; and his wife was one BEATRIX HAMILTON, "a very gracious woman," and likewise of honourable birth, so that he was twice blessed. He was one of the founders of Presbyterianism in Ireland. He had at one time resolved to spend his days in America, and had even sailed 1,200 miles across the Atlantic on his way, when his ship, the *Eagle's Wings*, was driven back by storm, much to his disappointment at the time, but yet, as he has found out long ago, according to the loving purpose and promise of God in Exodus 19, 4: "Ye have seen how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself."

Beatrix Umpherston

FOUR years ago last February there died Sir C. U. Aitchison, K.C.S.I. As a lad, he was the first Scotchman to enter the Indian Civil Service, after that Service was thrown open to competition. He lived to be Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, a ruler over twenty-six millions of men. He was a man who feared God. When dying he said, "Read me the Psalm about the beauty of holiness"—the 96th. After his death his Mohammedan water-carrier, Khummah, who had served him in war and peace for many years, said: "My master was a good man. I have never seen him make a mistake. He can't have made a mistake in his religion. Will you teach me his religion? I should like to believe what he believed." So Dr. George Smith, C.I.E., tells the story in his *Twelve Indian Statesmen*. This Sir Charles Aitchison was the son of a Cameronian or Reformed Presbyterian mother, who lived near Loanhead, by Edinburgh, and

What is thy name?

she was descended from BETERICK UMPHERSTON, who was the leader of a little company of fifteen children, all girls, who in 1683, during the time of the Persecution of the Covenanters, made "A Covenant Transaction with the Lord." In this bond, after asking God to give them "real grace," they gave themselves "freely up to Him, without reserve, soul and body, hearts and affections." They bound themselves further—and this was not only a brave thing to do in those days, but a necessary thing—not to go to hear the "soul-murdering" curates, who were striving to overthrow not only Presbyterianism, but all liberty as well, at the bidding of the king, the shameless-living Charles II., the man who used to say that "Episcopacy was the only religion for a gentleman."

It may please some of you to know that amongst the girls who signed the Children's Bond there were 3 Janets, 3 Helens, 2 Margarets, 2 Marions, 1 Martha, 1 Isobel, 1 Agnes, and 1 Christian; might I not rather say, fifteen young Christians in all?

Lady Shirley.

THERE was a LADY BEATRIX SHIRLEY, whose husband, Sir Hugh, was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403 He was one of those who were dressed like the king, and taken for him by the opposite party, of whom the Scotch Douglas said—

Another king! They grow like Hydra's heads.

It was to this Sir Hugh that Shakespeare makes King Henry's son refer when he says—

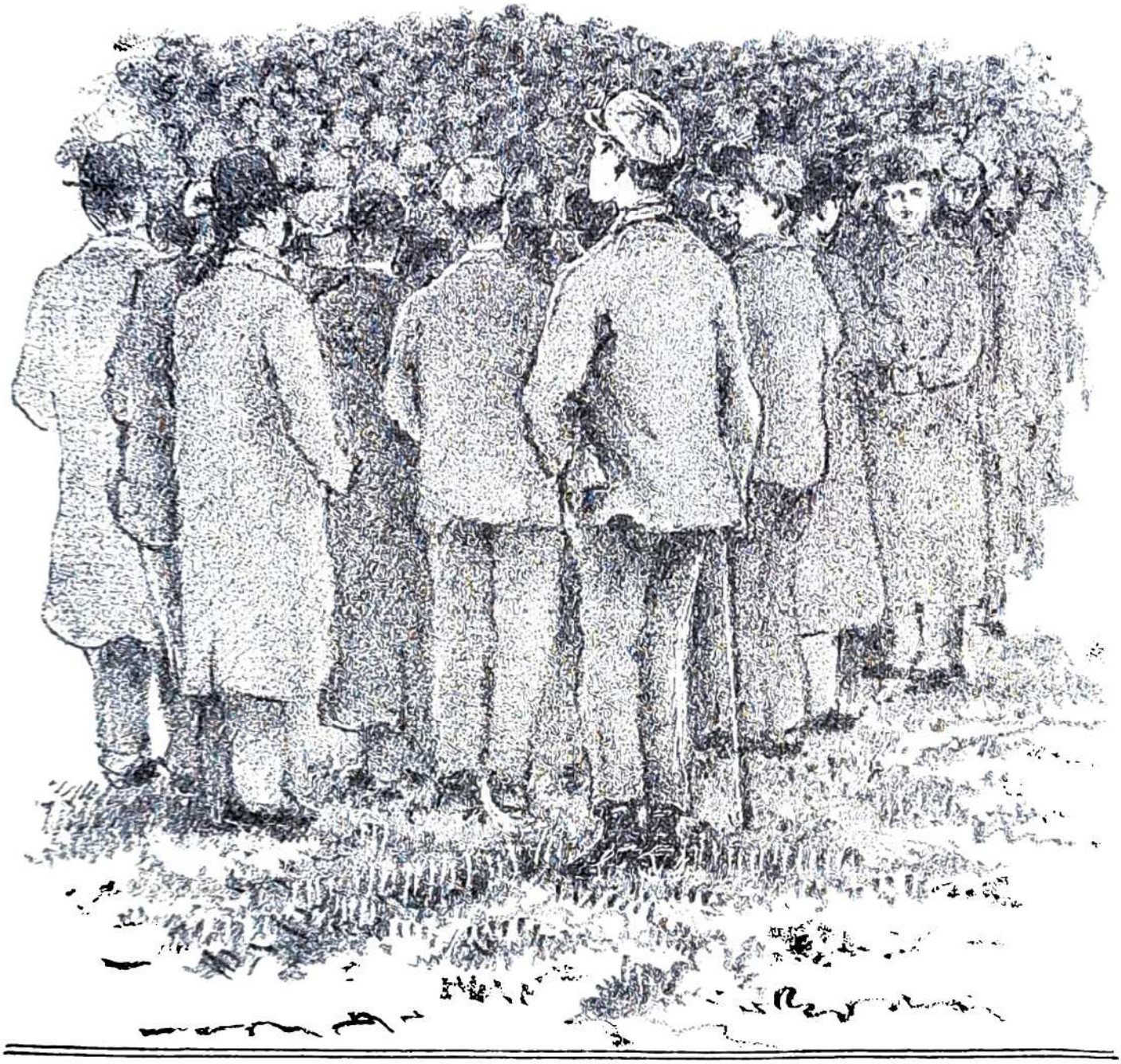
The spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms.

A woman with a brave husband might well be called not only BEATRIX, one who blesses, but BENEDIKTE, one who is blessed—a beautiful name given to girls in Norway and Denmark. Whatever your name may be, I hope the person whom you make your dearest friend will be able to say to the King of Kings, "The reproaches of them that reproached Thee are fallen upon me," and that when he is taken from you, you will be able to say of him—

Thy creature, whom I found so fair,
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

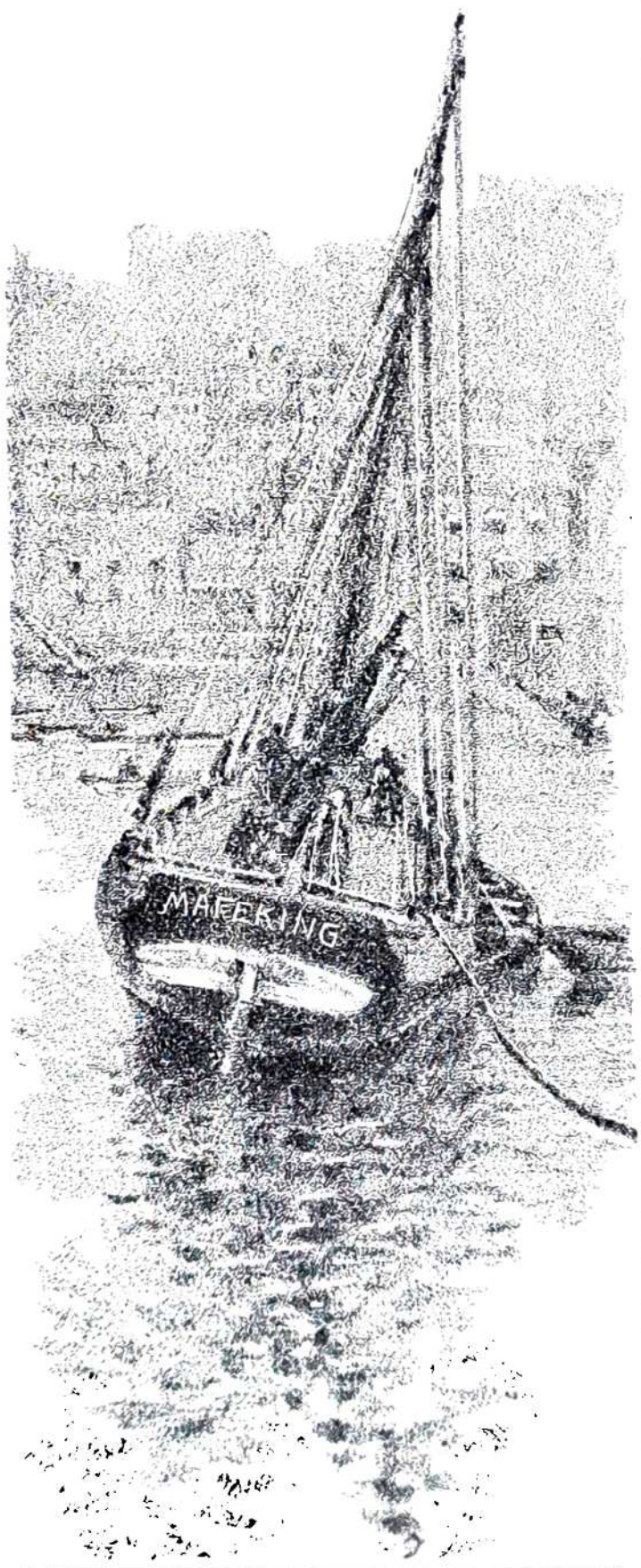
Bethia Gourlay

BETHIA, they say, means "life," as Macbeth means "son of life." I don't remember ever meeting one of this name, and it is unlikely that any Bethia will read these words. But the name is still in use. I have put it in this list, however, chiefly for the sake of John Willison, of Dundee, 1680-1750, an evangelical minister of the Church of Scotland, whose books on the *Lord's Supper* were once much used by young people when they were preparing for their first communion—a great moment in any person's life. Willison was much engaged in controversy, yet, to his honour, it has been remarked that "there was no asperity in what he said or wrote." His mother, and through him a mother in Israel, a mother in Christ to many now in glory, was BETHIA GOURLAY. There was a BETHIA AIRD, too, whom we should all love, for she helped Samuel Rutherford by her prayers, when he was Christ's prisoner in Aberdeen in 1637.



Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 6.

That young man has been standing on his toes for fifty minutes. He can see the top of one of the goal posts and a bit of the cross-bar, and the ball now and again when it is in the air, and six times he has seen the back of the head of one of the players, and he wouldn't have missed this International match for anything! But he won't go to Church because he can't see the Minister for some ladies' hats in front of him.



So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Ps. 107, 30.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Ps. 119, 105.

SOME of you will remember how earnestly Mr. Lee, the Old Pilot who wrote such delightful papers for *The Morning Watch* up till his death last year, used to insist on a sailor's attention to the three L's—the Log, the Look-out, and the Lead, especially the last. I was reminded of his words a little ago as the Channel Fleet steamed up to their anchorage at the Tail-of-the-Bank. The eight ships came up in two columns, that is, the two leading ones each followed by three, one behind the other, about two hundred yards apart. There are few busier waterways in the world, there is none safer, yet every one of these ships had two trained seamen, one on each side, casting the lead as carefully as if each ship had been the first that ever sailed up our firth. It is a rule in the British Navy, they say, that as long as a man-of-war is in sight of land, night or day, her Captain must take soundings. The object of this is to teach navigating officers to be careful, to get them into the *habit* of being careful, the habit of taking nothing for granted. The lead is in such constant use that the moment it is needed it is thought of, and the moment it is thought of it can be found.

Here is part of a letter I read recently in Admiral Sir Henry Keppel's *Diary*, written to him when he was about to start from Singapore for Sydney by one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

Sept. 24, 1849.

I need not recommend Lead and

Look-out to ye, but the Straits are difficult. Keep the *Meander* off the ground, and when there is a doubt, put her head round.

God speed ye. Yours faithfully,
J. W. D. DUNDAS.

The man to whom that was written was one of the most cautious, and, at the same time, one of the most dashing seamen in the Navy; a man high in rank and rich in experience, and yet he does not seem to have felt insulted at being asked to remember the very A B C of his profession, the constant need of care. We have seen in Africa of late the folly, the cruel madness, that there is in recklessness. A careless captain is a murderer, though he escapes punishment from men.

However plain our path may be, let us be sober, let us be vigilant, let us plead with God to be our guide, let us watch and pray.

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

No. 6.—The Boy that strips the bark off Trees.

NO one, I think, should carve his name on trees that grow in streets or on the outskirts of our cities. One name will lead to another, and trees in towns have difficulties enough to contend with. But a tree in a wood will not object though some Orlando carve an R for Rosalind, provided he do it well, and lovingly, and in the fear of God.

In some American ladies' colleges the out-going students of each year plant a tree to commemorate their class. It is a pretty notion, and such a tree may be a means of grace to all whom it represents. And in like manner, to remember that a tree in the wood close by one's native village bears on it one's initials and the date on which one left one's father's house to enter on the work of life, may help to make a man patient and hopeful and brave, and keep him from doing anything injurious to his good name. Such carvings, they say, disappear in time, yet the name may be legible though thirty years are gone. The bark that fills the cut is coarser and has a different look from that which it replaces.

Sometimes a name is carved right through the bark into the very wood; successive annual rings of wood cover the letters; there is a little roughness on the outer bark, and nothing else is visible. But when the tree is cut down a hundred years after, the letters are seen in the wood, far in! It is typical of human life. There are names written where only God can read them, but some day they come to light.

Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for though I know not when,
It has been sung of though I know not where.

Stripping the bark off a tree in wantonness is a different thing from what I have spoken of. The bark of a tree is the tree's jacket and shirt and skin. It keeps it from cold and other injury, and conducts water both up and down. If a little piece be taken off, a hollow is sometimes formed, water gathers, wound-rot sets in, and the tree is hurt. But if the bark be taken off

HD

right round, the tree withers and then dies. A thoughtless boy may kill that which would have lived six hundred years!

In the Bible the trees are called "the trees of God." He clothes and feeds them, and makes laws for them—see Deuteronomy 20, 19—and they wave their branches, and clap their hands to Him. They feed and clothe us in return, and when cut down, that which took a score of years to grow is burned in ten minutes to make us warm, and God does not grudge it, provided there be no waste. But if we waste our trees, He takes them from us. There is a part of France where there were once forests, but no trees now. And why? Because, as one of their own historians said, "The people thought nothing of cutting down a couple of trees to make one pair of wooden shoes."

Texts Suggested by a Photographic Album.

A Bible Class Exercise.

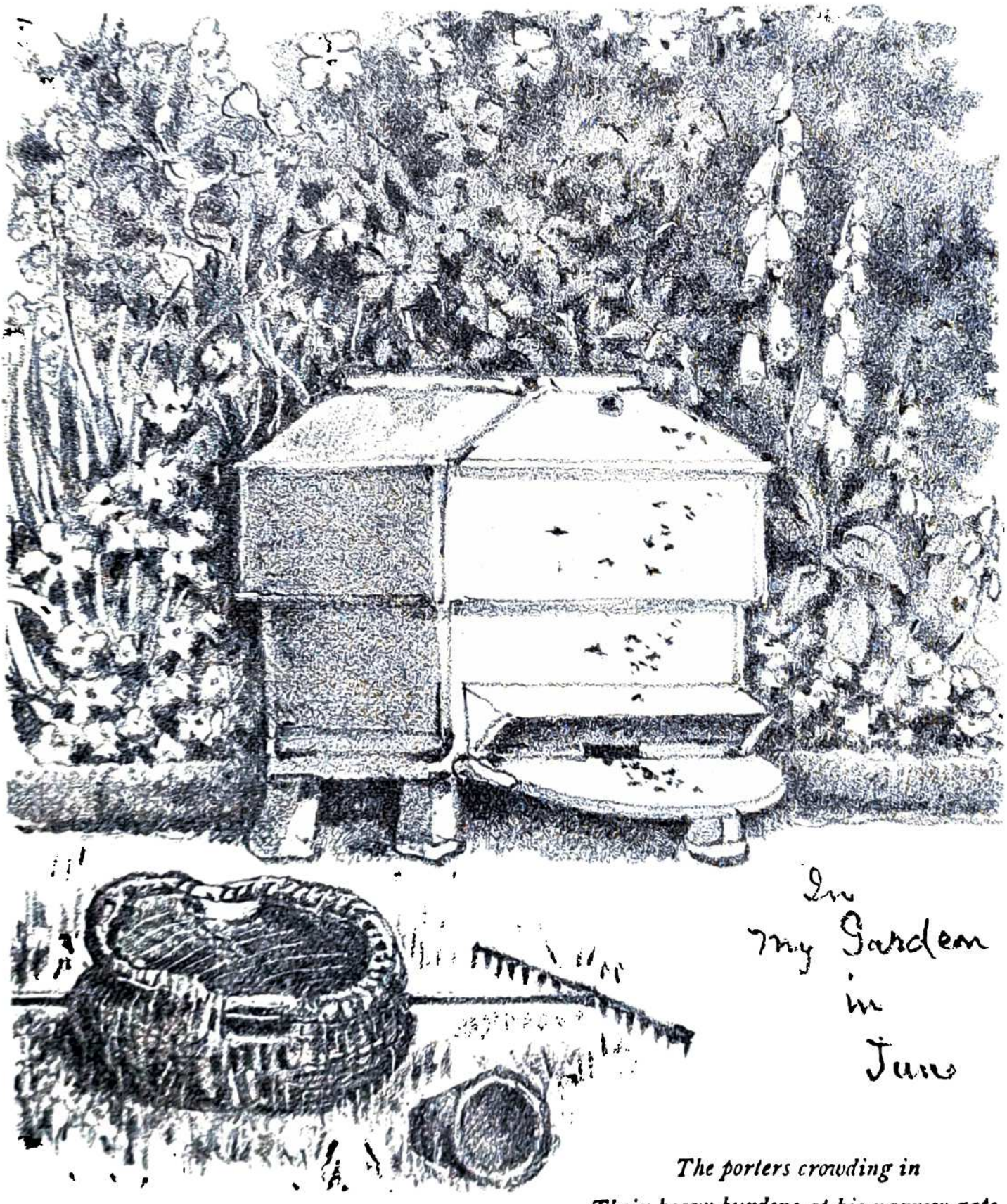
"When some one asked, 'What invention has done most for the working classes?' John Richard Green, the Historian, said, 'Beyond all doubt, sixpenny photographs.'"—Grant Duff's Notes from a Diary, 1881-86.

ONE'S PARENTS, &c.	Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh. . . . Thou hast kept with Thy servant my father that Thou promisedst him. . . . I am the son of Thine handmaid. . . . I am filled with joy when I call to remembrance the faith which dwelt in thy grandmother. . . . My brother was a faithful man. . . . I commend to you our sister.	Gen. 47, 7. 1 Kings 8, 24. Ps. 116, 16. 2 Tim. 1, 5. Neh. 7, 2. Rom. 16, 1. Judg. 15, 2.
ONE'S OWN FAMILY.	God setteth the solitary in families. . . . With my staff I passed over this Jordan; now I am become two bands. . . . Who are those? The children God hath graciously given thy servant.	Ps. 68, 6. Gen. 32, 10. Gen. 33, 5.
GRANDFATHER LOOKS AT THE ALBUM.	God hath shewed me thy seed. The Angel, Which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads.	Gen. 48, 16.
VIEWS OF ONE'S BIRTHPLACE.	Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. . . . O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem.	Gen. 28, 16. 2 Sam. 23, 5. Gen. 35, 4.
THE OLD CHURCH: MINISTERS AND ELDERS THAT ARE DEAD.	If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. . . . Remember them which spake unto you.	Ps. 137, 5. Heb. 13, 7 (R.V.)
FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.	I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.	2 Sam. 12, 23.

UNHAPPY FRIENDSHIPS AND MARRIAGES. If Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these, what good shall my life do me? . . . Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the Philistines?	Gen. 27, 46. Judges 14, 3.
LIVING SORROWS. The child is not; and I, whither shall I go? . . . O that Ishmael might live before thee. . . . God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you. . . . Joseph is yet alive!	Gen. 37. 30. Gen. 17, 18. 1 Sam. 12, 23. Gen. 45, 26. Luke 15, 32.
GROUP OF TEACHERS AND SCHOOL COMPANIONS. I was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner. . . . I thank my God upon every remembrance of you. . . . Served his own generation by the will of God. . . . Some having put away a good conscience, concerning faith have made shipwreck. . . . The greater part remain unto this day, but some are fallen asleep.	Acts 22, 3. Phil. 1, 3. Acts 13, 36. 1 Tim. 1, 19. Gal. 6, 1. 1 Cor. 15, 6.
PORTRAIT OF A FAITHFUL SERVANT. A succourer of many, and of myself also. . . . Deborah, Rebekah's nurse died, and she was buried under an oak, and the name of it was called the oak of weeping.	Rom. 16, 2. Gen. 35. 8.
PORTRAITS OF STATESMEN, POLITICIANS, &c. Ye fools, when will ye be wise? . . . Smoking firebrands. . . . Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! A potsherd among the potsherds of the earth!	Ps. 94, 8. Is. 7, 8. Is. 45, 9 (R.V.)
FINE FACES. Thou hast dove's eyes. . . . A wise man's mouth. . . . Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep, which come up from the washing. . . . Having His Father's name written in their foreheads. . . . His face as it had been the face of an angel.	S. of Sol. 1, 15. S. of Sol. 4, 2. Eccl. 10, 12. Rev. 14, 1. Ex. 28, 36. Acts 6, 15.
PHOTOS. OF POOR FRIENDS TAKEN OUT TO MAKE ROOM FOR OTHERS. Ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing. . . . Sit thou here in a good place. . . . Despise not thy mother when she is old. . . . Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.	Jas. 2, 3. Prov. 23, 22. Prov. 27, 10.
ONE'S OWN PORTRAIT. In Thy book all my members were written. . . . Thou hast destroyed thyself. . . . When Israel was a child, then I loved him. . . . Childhood and youth are vanity. . . . O that I were as in months past! . . . Yea, grey hairs are here and there. . . . Now, also, when I am old, O God, forsake me not. . . . Shortly I must put off this my tabernacle.	Ps. 139, 16. Hosea 13, 9. Hosea 11, 1. Eccl. 11, 10. Ps. 25, 7. Job 29, 2. Hosea 7, 9. Ps. 71, 18. 2 Peter 1, 14.

LET US HEAR THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

Ye must be born again. . . . John 3, 7.
Though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. . . . Job 19, 26.
It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be LIKE HIM. 1 John 3, 2.



The porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate.

1	F	Wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?—*James 2, 20.*
2	S	Work: for I am with you.—*Hag. 2, 4.* "Some time ago an Ambassador told the Sultan's Grand Vizier that there were three enemies that would eventually destroy the Turkish Empire — 'Bakalum (we shall see); In-Shäa-Allah (if it please God); Yarun Sabáh (to-morrow morning).'"—*Grant Duff's Notes from a Diary.*
3	S	Have not I commanded thee?
4	M	Be strong; be not afraid.—*Josh. 1, 9.*
5	Tu	The floods have lifted up their voice.—*Ps. 93, 3.*
6	W	The Lord on high is mightier than the mighty waves of the sea.
7	Th	When he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid.—*Matt. 14, 30.*
8	F	And beginning to sink, he cried. "The force of circumstances is often but another name for human weakness."
9	S	O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?
10	S	The Father of Spirits.—*Heb. 12, 9.*
11	M	In Whose hand is the soul of every living thing,
12	Tu	And the breath of all mankind.—*Job 12, 10.*
13	W	I establish My covenant with you.—*Gen. 9, 9.*
14	Th	And with the fowl. "A little lark that lived close to our trenches in the Crimea rose every day into the air, through all that tremendous time, singing, unhurt, amidst shot and shell."—*General Rowlands, wounded at Inkerman.*
15	F	Thou wilt keep him in peace peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.—*Is. 26, 3. R. V., margin.*
16	S	The God of peace. "I read Heb. 13 in the tent of Vandeleur of the Artillery."—*Hedley Vicars before Sebastopol.*
17	S	Blessed is the man that heareth Me, watching at My gate.—*Prov. 8, 34.*
18	M	My son, hear the instruction of thy father.—"Sir Henry Lawrence, when dying, referring to an unfortunate action he had fought on the advice of some young officers, said to a friend, "All your life beware of irresponsible advisers."
19	Tu	And forsake not the law of thy mother:
20	W	For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head,
21	Th	And chains about thy neck.
22	F	My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—*Prov. 1, 8-10.*
23	S	So I prayed to the God of heaven.—*Neh. 2, 4.*
24	S	Cornelius, thy prayer is heard,—*Acts 10, 31.*
25	M	And thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God.
26	Tu	Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in My name,
27	W	Because ye belong to Christ,
28	Th	Verily, he shall not lose his reward.—*Mark 9, 41.*
29	F	We after our ability have redeemed our brethren.—*Neh. 5, 8.*
30	S	Gold, fine linen, goat's hair, onyx stones.—*Ex. 25, 3-7.* John Row, of Aberdeen, 1598-1672, called his supplement to his father's history, "Ane Handful of Goat's Hair for the furthering of the building of the Tabernacle."

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July, 1900. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 7.

"Father's Home Again!"

(A Sketch from Life.)

"The Morning Watch" for 1899, being Volume XII., with Index, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

Vols. I. to VIII. (1888-95) are out of print, but Vols. IX., X., and XI. (1896, 97, 98), may still be had. Price One Shilling each.

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Let the sighing of the prisoner come before Thee.—Ps. 79, 11.

WHEN you pray about the war, morning and evening, you will not forget to pray earnestly for those who are prisoners. To the brave amongst them their lot is maybe bitterer than death.

It takes greater courage sometimes to surrender than to continue fighting. It is a law in war that if a man cannot make an effective resistance, and there is nothing to be gained by holding out—if, for example, ten men are surrounded by five hundred, resistance in such a case is a crime, and to keep on firing is simply to be guilty of the sin of murder. If one of the ten takes his chance of escaping, it is a chance, in certain circumstances, for which others may have to pay, and a brave man will shrink from doing them that wrong.

Further, many are prisoners through the fault of their leader, or of some one higher in command. Yet, because it was their duty to obey, they did as they were told. There is hope for an army though its officers are incompetent, but none for one whose rank and file are insubordinate.

Many a brave man will come home broken in health, disappointed, mortified, ashamed, with no story to tell. His pride will not let him speak of his sufferings, whether of body or of mind; and his military spirit and his Christian courtesy will keep him from saying one word against the man who blundered, whose anguish of soul, if he be a man at all, must be greater than his a hundredfold.

It is worth remembering, too, that many of the greatest soldiers and sailors in history were at one time or other prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Sir Charles Napier, for example, was taken prisoner by the French at the battle of Corunna, and he lived to be the conqueror of Scinde.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 64.)

What is thy name? Blanche Lady Balfour.

Lady Blanche Balfour, who died in 1872 aged forty-seven, the sister of Lord Salisbury and the mother of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, seems to have been a very wise and godly woman. She taught her children, as she had herself been taught, to endure hardness. She made her sons promise not to smoke before they were eighteen, and I cannot suppose she wished them to sit up and begin the moment the clock struck twelve on the morning on which they reached that

What is thy name?

age! Twenty-eight is soon enough, and he who waits till he is thirty-eight need have no regret. Dr. Robertson, the minister of Whittinghame, has stated in *Good Words*, April 1896, that during the cotton famine in 1862, Lady Balfour did without servants to save money to send to Lancashire, her daughters doing the cooking, etc., and her sons such work as the cleaning of the knives and the brushing of the boots. When her children joined the church she gave each of them a ring with the word "Truth" as the motto on the seal, and in the inside a text of Scripture engraved, containing the same word. Her own ring had the text, "I am the Way, the Truth, the Life." Another favourite seal of hers bore the words, "Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra"—that is, "Do what's right, come what may."

Lady Arundell.

DURING the civil war in England in Charles I.'s time, there was a LADY BLANCHE ARUNDELL, a brave woman though she was on the wrong side, who, in her husband's absence, stoutly defended Wardour Castle with only a handful of men for nine days, but had at last to surrender. BLANCHE means white, and if you fight against sin you will overcome and walk with Christ in white, clothed in white raiment. Lady Blanche's father-in-law, surnamed the Valiant, while fighting in Hungary at the battle of Gran—that is, Grain-town—captured a Turkish standard with his own hands, and for this exploit was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire by Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany, to the great dissatisfaction of Queen Elizabeth, who said she "did not care that her sheep should bear a stranger's marks or follow the whistle of a foreign shepherd." I hope you will make sure that the white raiment you wear shall be Christ's righteousness alone, and not your own, or any other's, and that no honour shall be worn by you that is not won in your own Master's service.

Bridget.

THE name BRIDGET, common is some parts of Ireland, has not been a favourite either in Scotland or England since the Reformation. It survives amongst us, however, in the word Bridewell, which at first meant the holy well of St. Bride or St. Bridget in London. Near it Henry VIII. built a palace for the reception of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, the greatest sovereign in Europe in the sixteenth century. In 1553, Edward VI. gave the building to the City of London, to be used as a house of correction "for the idle person, for the rioter that consumeth all, and for the vagabond that will abide in no place." Hence our use of the word for a "jail" or "penitentiary."

Lady Bramston.

Amongst English women of this name one may mention—

1. BRIDGET MOUNDEFORD, the mother of Sir John Bramston, 1611-1700, a man who practised law "till the trumpets and drums of the Civil War blew his gown over his ears." He accepted knighthood, but refused a baronetcy because he did not approve of hereditary honours. In his Autobiography he says: "My father was not of a boisterous courage, but strong and not to be wrought upon by fear or flattery. My mother died in the 36th year of her

What is thy name?

age. She was a beautiful comely person, of a middle stature, virtuous and pious, a very observant wife, a careful tender mother. She was very charitable to the poor, kind to her neighbours, and beloved by them. This was her character as I have it from my sister and grandmother."

Mrs. Eliot.

2. BRIDGET CARSWELL, the mother of Sir John Eliot, one of the champions of English liberty in the time of Charles I. He wrote a history of Charles' first parliament, under the title *Negotium Posterorum*, that is, "The business of those who come after us." The men of that time were fighting more for us than for themselves. He was sent to the Tower, and died there in 1632, after three years' imprisonment, in his 42nd year. He was a man who feared God, and in a letter to his boys he tells them that his days in prison "have all seemed pleasant; the agitation of my mind has been chiefly in thanks and acknowledgment to Him by Whose grace I have subsisted." Shortly before his death he sent for a painter to paint his portrait exactly as he was, that his friends might see how imprisonment had changed him. This picture they were to keep on the walls of his house at Port-Eliot in Cornwall as "a perpetual memorial of his hatred of tyranny." And there the picture stands to this day, alongside of another portrait of him that had been painted in the days of his early manhood, when he led the House of Commons in the fulness of his strength.

Bridget Cromwell.

3. BRIDGET, the third of Oliver Cromwell's nine children; born 1624, died 1681. She married, first, Henry Ireton, a man who refused a grant of £2,000 a year because he thought there were many debts which Parliament owed to others which ought to be paid first. Chief Justice Coke said of him, that "he seldom thought it time to eat till 9 or 10 at night, when he had done the work of the day." He died in 1651, when he was forty, of overwork and fever. His widow afterwards married General Fleetwood, another of her father's soldier friends.

There are some beautiful passages in her father's letters to her. "Dear Daughter, I write not to thy husband, partly because one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late. . . . To be a seeker after God is to be of the best sect next to a finder; and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Dear Heart, press on. Let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that." Again, writing to Fleetwood he says—"My love to thy dear wife, whom I entirely love, both naturally and upon the best account; and my blessing, if it be worth anything, upon thy little babe. . . . Love to my dear Biddy. Bid her be cheerful, and rejoice in the Lord once and again: if she knows the Covenant (of Grace), she cannot but do so. For that Transaction is sure and steadfast, between the Father and the Mediator in His blood: therefore, leaning upon the Son, or looking to Him, thirsting after Him, and embracing Him, we are His Seed; and the Covenant is sure to all the Seed."

1st Rabbit. "*I see the days are creeping in already. When is the shortest day? December the —— ?*"

2nd Rabbit. "*The shortest day for us, I fear, will be some time in October.*"

MOST of you have heard of Edward Gibbon, the historian, and of the attack which he made on the Christian religion in his great work on *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* In reply to one of his critics he published a *Vindication*, but so anxious was he that the criticisms passed on him should be forgotten, that he refused to let his *Vindication* be printed on sheets of paper the same size as those that had been used for his *History*, lest it should be printed with it, and so preserved.

At a sale of books in our town a few days ago, three volumes of Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works* were held up, but no one would offer even sixpence for them. After waiting a few moments the auctioneer bade his assistant put up the next book in the catalogue with them, and the four books were then sold for a couple of shillings or so as one lot. Strange to say, the work that floated Gibbon off the auctioneer's hands was Mr. Gladstone's book on *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture.*

The incident reminded me of the words that may be read on the arch of the vault on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh, where David Hume lies buried: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." John 11, 25. And David Hume was the man who wrote to Gibbon to congratulate him after his attack on Christianity had appeared; the man who himself, as he lay a-dying, jested about meeting Charon, the old man who, according to the belief of the heathen Greeks, ferried the souls of the dead across the rivers of the other world.

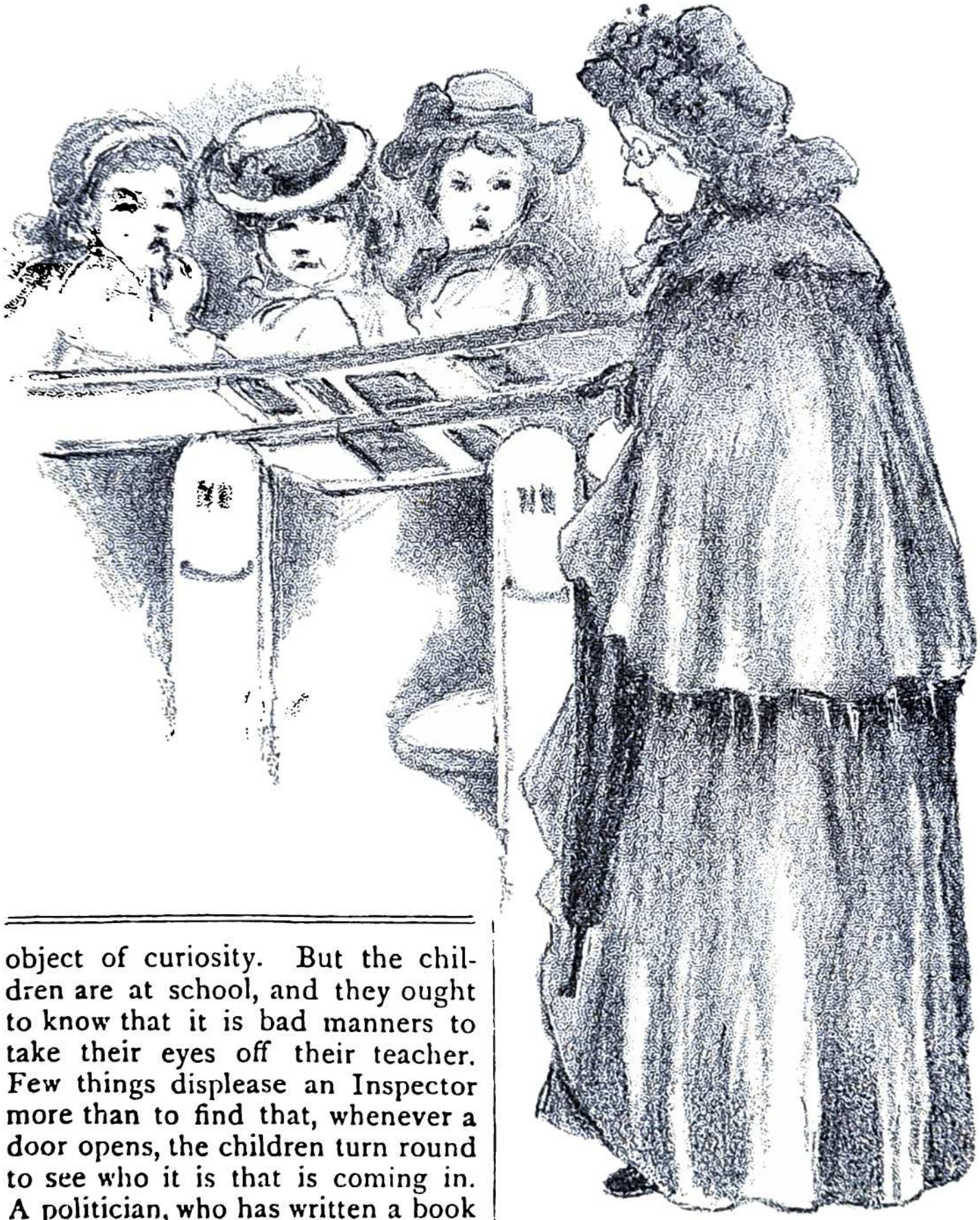
It reminded me also of the words uttered by the Emperor Julian the Apostate—so called because he gave up Christianity—as he fell wounded from his horse in battle, fighting against the Persians, A.D. 363—"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean."

The floods have lifted up their voice. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters. Thy testimonies are very sure.

Children that have Something still to Learn.

No. 7.—Girls who turn round and stare at people coming into church.

ONE is sorry for those three little girls, for they have their good points. They are always at church on Sabbaths, and on the prayer-meeting night in summer, though they live in the country three miles out of town. They are never late, while some who live not a hundred yards away are never in time. They are not very bonnie perhaps, and yet, if they could be taught to polish their teeth and keep their mouths shut, they might be pretty after all, and certainly that ignorant look would quickly begin to disappear from their faces. This habit which they have of staring at people they have learned from their father and mother, who turn round even during the prayer to look at any person who comes into church, especially if he be a stranger. One hardly likes to blame them too much, for they live in a quiet road in the country, where every passer-by is an



object of curiosity. But the children are at school, and they ought to know that it is bad manners to take their eyes off their teacher. Few things displease an Inspector more than to find that, whenever a door opens, the children turn round to see who it is that is coming in. A politician, who has written a book of *Reminiscences*, says that, as a rule,

one can tell a Member of Parliament who is not a gentleman born by the way he starts and turns round when anyone comes behind him. There are always about a well-bred person a certain repose, and patience, and self-mastery, and self-possession.

"But the lady at whom they are looking is so odd! How can one blame them?" Well, if they only knew it, they are perhaps as odd-looking as she is! But if they could see themselves as they will be, if they are spared, forty years after this, long before they are her age, they would not gaze so rudely at her; indeed, I am sure they would pray for her and ask God to bless her.

The Hon. George Brodrick, Warden of Merton College, tells a story, in his *Memoirs and Impressions*, that has a lesson for the young as well as the old. Two aged eccentric men were one day tottering together round Christ Church Walk, when one of them, a Dr. Frowd of Corpus, said to the other, a Fellow of Merton, "Mr. Griffith, what a pity it is that there are no *characters* in Oxford now-a-days. Why, when you and I were young, Oxford was full of strange and original characters; I wonder what can have become of them!" To which Mr. Griffith was overheard to reply, "Did it never occur to you, Dr. Frowd, *that you and I may be the characters of the present day?*"

Lo! Children are God's Heritage.—Ps. 127, 3.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"

A Lesson for the Younger Boys and Girls in Large Families.

The younger, and especially the youngest, children in large families are often either made too much of and so become spoilt, or are slighted and so become disheartened. I purpose shewing in this, and, I hope, at the most, the next two numbers, that the youngest children have often been those that have brought the most glory and the most happiness to their parents and to their brothers and sisters; and that history and biography prove what the Bible says, that God can give few better gifts to a husband and wife than a large family. The children of youth, that is, the children of those who marry early in the fear of the Lord, are as arrows in the hand of a mighty man. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. I shall begin with the number *five*, partly because one must begin somewhere, and a family of five, if not large, is pretty large, and is certainly larger than the average. But I begin with five chiefly, I suspect, because of the specially great names that come under that heading! And I shall go on, if all is well, to families of twenty, at least, and if, later on, I add a list of famous youngest daughters, I may miss some steps, but I shall not stop before I reach the twenty-fifth!

How many may you be?

5 ALFRED THE GREAT, 871-901, whom many look on as the best and greatest king that England ever had, was the fifth and youngest son of Athelwulf, king of the West Saxons, and his wife Osburh, the daughter of his cupbearer. . . . OLIVER CROMWELL, 1599-1658, and GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1732-1799, were each the fifth in a family of ten. . . . There have not been many men in history greater than these three, yet one may say they would not be ashamed of the company of JOHN BLACKADDER, 1664-1729, who, joining the famous Cameronian Regiment as a cadet at sixpence a day, afterwards became its Colonel—a good Christian as well as a brave soldier. He was the fifth son of the Rev. John Blackadder, the Covenanter, who died a prisoner on the Bass Rock, of whom it is told that once, when he was preaching and Archbishop Sharp ordered the magistrates of Kinkell to send the militia to apprehend him, the Provost replied, "We can't, for the militia are all away hearing him."

6 DR. THOMAS CHALMERS, 1789-1847, was the sixth child amongst fourteen. . . . Mr. D. L. MOODY, the Evangelist, the sixth of nine. . . . And as boys like to hear about soldiers, I may mention ANTHONY BARNEWALL, the sixth and youngest son of an Irish nobleman, Lord Trimleston, killed when only eighteen, in 1739, at the battle of Krotzka, fighting against the Turks. Twice he led the charge against them, and twice he was repulsed. Then, tearing the flag off the standard, he tied it round his waist, and crying, "Come on, my brave fellows, we shall certainly do the work now," spurred his horse on for the third time, only to fall covered with wounds. . . . RICHARD SHEEPSHANKS, 1794-1845—surely the last name in the world one would have expected an astronomer to be called by—was also a sixth child. It is to him we owe our standard measures of length, the yard, foot, &c., a task at which he worked in a cellar beneath the Astronomical Society's Rooms for eleven years without pay.

7 There have been, and still are, many foolish superstitious beliefs about "seventh sons" in districts where there is much ignorance and no fear of God. Take up any newspaper in the gold and silver mining

How many may you be?

regions of America, or in any other haunt of gamblers, and you may read such advertisements as this: "Fortunes told by Madame So-and-so, seventh daughter of a seventh son." One day in our own town a drunk man, whom I had tried to keep out of a public-house, followed me and told me some of his troubles. Then, after saying that he was a seventh son, he asked me, with an aggrieved air as of one that had been defrauded of his birthright, if there wasn't some special right or privilege that was supposed to belong to a seventh son. What could I do but tell him that whether we are first or second or seventh or seventeenth, we are all God's bairns, and that He offers honestly to every one of us all that He has and all that He is through Christ, and that no one can rob us of that right but ourselves.

We are 7

THOMAS BOSTON, author of *The Fourfold State*, was the youngest of seven children, as was also GEORGE WHITEFIELD, 1714-1770, one of the founders of Methodism, and one of the greatest of English evangelists. He preached upwards of 18,000 sermons. . . . ABRAHAM COWLEY, too, was the youngest of seven, a man whom the men of his time, 1618-1667, thought so great a writer that they buried him in Westminster Abbey beside Chaucer and Spenser. His house in London still bears his name. He was first drawn to poetry by reading a copy of the Faërie Queen which lay in his mother's parlour. . . . Sir RODGER NEWDIGATE, 1719-1806. He founded an annual prize of twenty-one guineas in the University of Oxford for the best poem, stipulating that no compliments were to be paid to himself in it. The prize has been won by many men who afterwards became famous, including Heber, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold. . . . VAN DYCK, the great painter, 1599-1641, was the seventh of twelve. His mother was a beautiful worker with the needle, which Thomas Fuller calls a woman's pencil. His portrait of Charles I., a dear king to us, first and last, in many ways, was purchased by the nation a few years ago for £17,500. . . . Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, 1723-1792, one of the greatest of English portrait painters, was the seventh of eleven. His father was a schoolmaster whose scholars at one time dwindled down to one! It was of Sir Joshua that Dr. Johnson asked two things when he was dying—never to use his pencil on Sabbath, and to read the Bible every day. There is a picture of his in pen and ink still in existence, with these words written on it at the time by his father: "This is drawn by Joshua in school out of pure idleness." . . . MUNGO PARK, 1771-1806, the African traveller, was seventh amongst thirteen. (The late Joseph Thomson, his biographer and worthy successor in African exploration, was the youngest of five.) Park has a monument in Selkirk, in which he is represented standing with a sextant in his right hand. In his left there is a scroll with these words on it, taken from one of the last letters he wrote: "My two dear friends, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Scott, are dead, but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half-dead, I would still persevere, and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at least die on the Niger."

Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 7.

This man is out fishing almost every night, wet or dry, during the three months he is at the coast. The village church goes in on Sabbaths at 11 a.m. and 6 p.m., but neither he nor any of his household goes to it in the evening, because his wife is not strong, and his children are too young, and he thinks it his duty to spend as much time as he possibly can in the bosom of his family; and, further, the doctor has warned him against exposing himself to the night air.

1	S	He went forth conquering, and to conquer.—*Rev. 6, 2.*
2	M	Issachar saw that rest was good.—*Gen. 49, 15.* "There is a general tendency to idle during the first moments after a victory."—*Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket Book."*
3	Tu	Ye are not as yet come to the rest which the Lord giveth.—*Deut. 12, 9.*
4	W	Deborah said unto Barak, Up;
5	Th	Is not the Lord gone out before thee?—*Judges 4, 14.*
6	F	Stay ye not, but pursue after your enemies.—*Joshua 10, 19.*
7	S	The Lord gave them rest according to all that He sware.—*ch. 21, 44.*
8	S	Who is deaf, as My messenger that I sent?—*Is. 42, 19.*
9	M	Ye are dull of hearing.—*Heb. 5, 11.*
10	Tu	By reason of the time ye ought to be teachers.
11	W	Hearing they hear not.—*Matt. 13, 13.* "When an officer sends anyone with a verbal message, he should make him repeat it before he starts, so that there may be no mistake about what he will say."—*Lord Wolseley.*
12	Th	Give me understanding.—*Ps. 119, 169.*
13	F	The apostles told Him all that they had done.—*Luke 9, 10.*
14	S	My heart overfloweth with a goodly matter.—*Ps. 45, 1 (R. V.)*
15	S	Be of good cheer.—*John 16, 33.*
16	M	Rejoice alway.—*1 Thess. 5, 16 (R. V.)*
17	Tu	Be joyful; and break forth into singing.—*Is. 49, 13.*
18	W	Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.—*Ps. 98, 4.*
19	Th	He brought forth His chosen with singing.—*Ps. 105, 43 (R. V.)*
20	F	In the night His song shall be with me.—*Ps. 42, 8.* "Whenever possible, have music to march to. If you have nothing else, get your men to sing by companies. During long night marches in India, I found that, when we marched in silence, as men will do after the first half mile at night, they almost went to sleep, lagged behind, stumbled and fell. The moment a song was struck up, they stepped out briskly."—*Lord Wolseley.*
21	S	The words—Praise Him—occur thirteen times in the last Psalm, the 150th.
22	S	Beer-lahai-roi, the well of the Living One Who seeth me.—*Gen. 16, 14.*
23	M	The eyes of the Lord run to and fro,—*2 Chron. 16, 9.*
24	Tu	To shew Himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect.
25	W	Jesus saw them toiling.—*Mark 6, 48.* "The nearer a General is to the reserves that he retains under his own immediate control, the better; but the first necessity is that he should be able to watch through his glass what is going on in his front."—*Lord Wolseley.*
26	Th	O Lord, be not far from me.—*Ps. 22, 11.*
27	F	Thou art near, O Lord.—*Ps. 119, 151.*
28	S	Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me.—*Dan. 9, 21.*
29	S	Ye shall go after the ark. Yet there shall be a space between you and it—*Josh. 3, 4.*
30	M	I go to prepare a place for you—*John 14, 2.* "The position for the army to encamp in should, when practicable, be selected the day before, or as many hours before the arrival of the troops as possible."—*Lord Wolseley.*
31	Tu	I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight.—*Is. 45, 2.*

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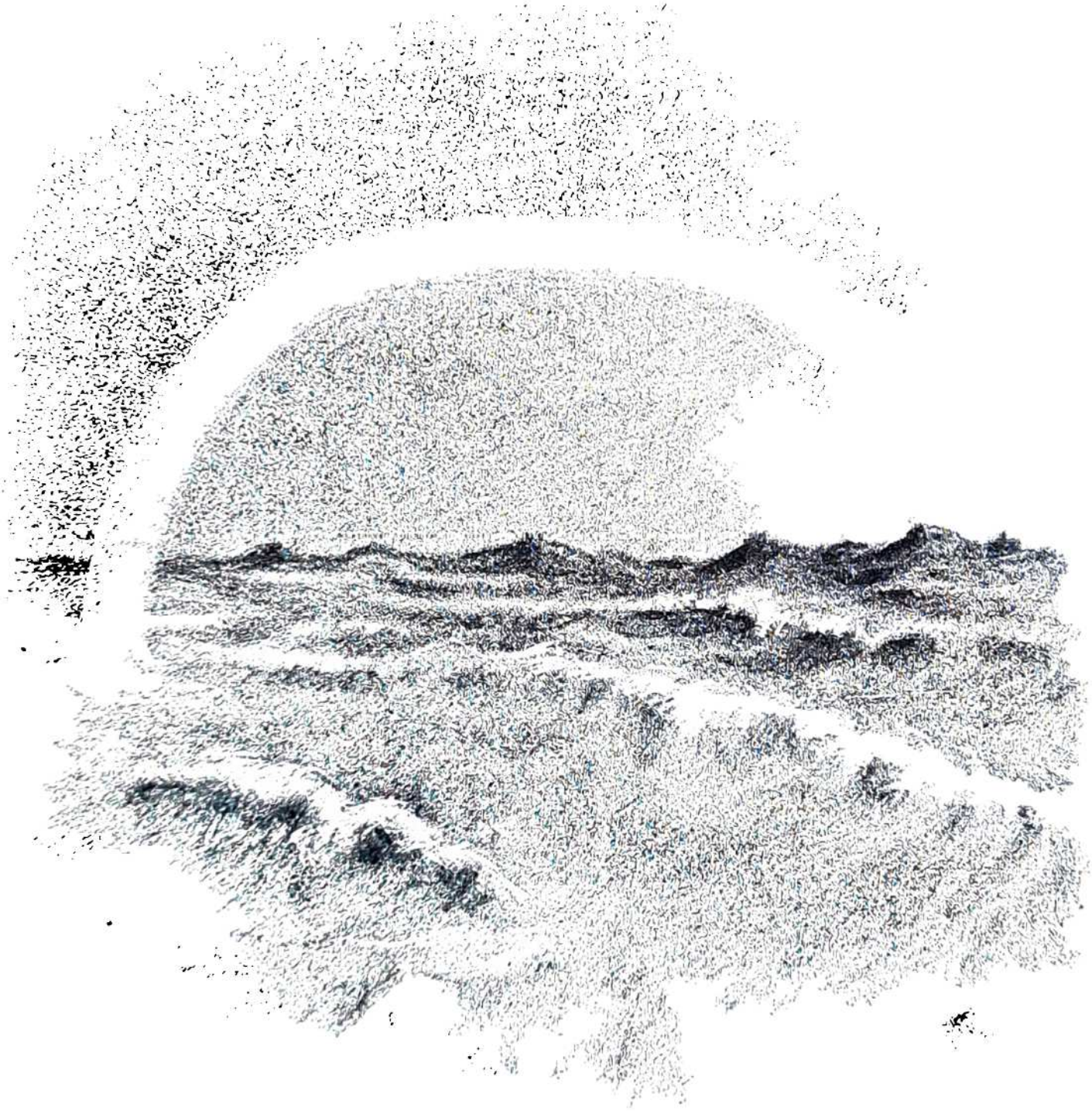


And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember My covenant.—Gen. 9, 14.

God's Ultimatum.

A FRIEND of mine once heard a Highland preacher say something like this. "If Britain quarrelled with a Foreign Power, and were to send a fleet of men-of-war to one of its seaports, threatening to bombard it unless an apology were made within four-and-twenty hours, that would be called 'Britain's Ultimatum.' But when God sent His servants to the husbandmen to receive the fruits of His vineyard, and the husbandmen took them, and beat one, and killed another, *last of all*, He sent unto them His Son; and that was God's Ultimatum — *His Own dear Son!*"

And my friend added, "That's what I call *preaching*."

What Europe's Ultimatum to China will now be, we cannot tell, but the Church's Ultimatum must be the same as God's — other missionaries, and more of them, to preach Christ Crucified.

And now God is saying, "Whom shall I send? and who will go for Us?"

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 76.)

What is thy name? Caroline

Caroline is another form of Charlotte, the feminine of Charles, and means noble. Amongst those who have borne this name may be mentioned:—

Miss Herschel.

Miss Caroline Herschel (1750-1848), the sister and helpmeet of the famous Sir William Herschel the astronomer. Her portrait, autograph, and a short account of what she did in her long life, and of what she suffered in her old age, were given in the *Morning Watch*, November, 1894. She had to feed her brother with a spoon when he was polishing mirrors for telescopes, and, though she never could manage to learn the multiplication table, helped him with his calculations. Being found faithful in a very little, she was honoured to be faithful in much. Sitting up night after night, summer and winter, with her telescope, she swept the floor of heaven so carefully that she found five great pieces of silver, called comets, which God had hidden there to be found by the first person that would seek diligently for them.

Lady Nairne.

Caroline, Baroness Nairne (1766-1845), finding by chance as she drove through a little village one day that the country folks were buying books full of bad songs, formed the desire—it was put into her heart by God—that she

> For puir auld Scotland's sake
> Some usefu' plan or beuk could make
> Or sing a sang at least,

and being filled with His Spirit wrote "The Land o' the Leal," "The Rowan Tree," "Caller Herrin'," "The Auld House," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "The Hundred Pipers," and many other songs

What is thy name?

Lady Nairne.

besides. Her mother died when Caroline was only eight, and her last words to her children were, "See which of you will be the best bairn," and to her husband, "You see how easily I can part with the bairns, for I know they are in Good Hands."

Lady Nairne's favourite verse was, "He that spared not His Own Son." After her death it was found out that she had sold her family plate to help the Free Church at the Disruption. Here is one of her little songs about a lad whom his father, without meaning it, taught to drink :—

Ah ! little did my mother think,
When to me she sung,
What a heartbreak I would be,
Her young and dautit son.

And Oh ! how proud she was o' me
In plaid and bonnet braw,
When I bade farewell to the north countrie,
And marching gaed awa' !

Ah ! little did my mother think,
A banished man I'd be,
Sent frae a' my kith and kin,
Them never mair to see.

Oh ! father, 'twas the *sugar'd drap*
Aft ye did gie to me,
That has brought a' this misery
Baith to you and me.

From ever having to sing which song, dear boys and girls, may God keep you all.

Mrs. Southey

CAROLINE BOWLES, 1786-1854, was one of those brave women whom God raises up to help poor men in their time of need. She was the poet Southey's second wife, marrying him when she was fifty-three and he was already suffering from softening of the brain. They had been married only three months when his mind utterly gave way. For almost four years—till he died—he seemed almost insensible to external things.

"And Still a Goose!"

Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.—Job 12, 7.

THAT goose is two-and-thirty years of age, and so far as appearances go, may live, like some of its ancestors, to be over three-score and ten.

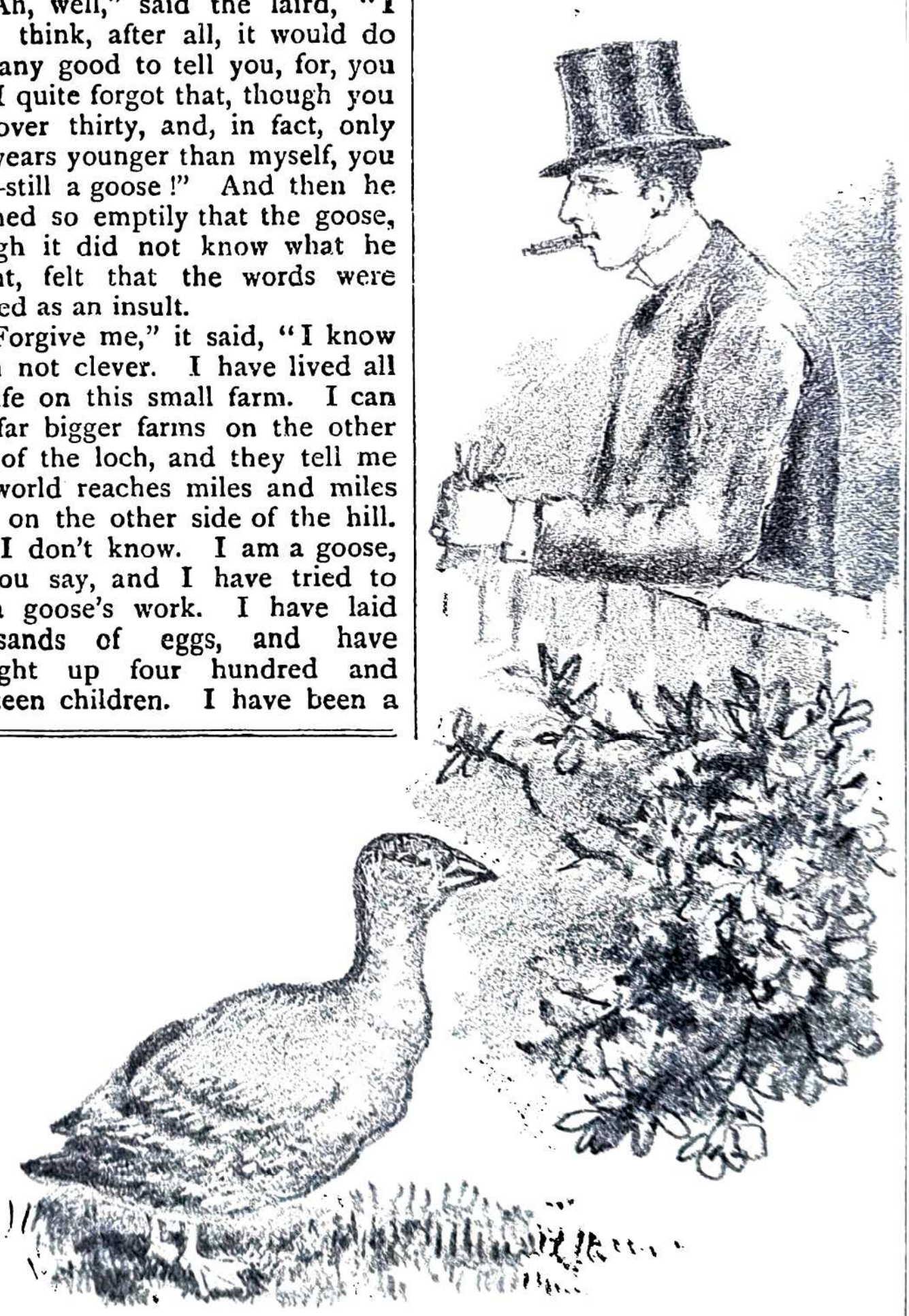
The young laird came to see it the other day. He had heard of its great age, and saw a fine chance of showing off his wit.

"Ay, ay," he said, "and you are over thirty ! Nine years since you came of age ! You must have seen a lot in that time. You'll remember the Franco-Prussian War, and the siege of Plevna, and the Home Rule agitation, and I daresay you have seen Tennyson and Browning and Darwin and Carlyle, and you'll know all about electricity and the phonograph, and all that kind of thing? You are aware, I suppose, that these are the most wonderful years the world has ever seen?"

"I can't say, Sir George," said the goose, "that I quite take you up. I don't think that I ever heard of any of these things you have spoken of. But I shall be pleased if you tell me about some of them. What's that last word you said; electricity I think you called it?"

"Ah, well," said the laird, "I don't think, after all, it would do you any good to tell you, for, you see, I quite forgot that, though you are over thirty, and, in fact, only two years younger than myself, you are—still a goose!" And then he laughed so emptily that the goose, though it did not know what he meant, felt that the words were uttered as an insult.

"Forgive me," it said, "I know I am not clever. I have lived all my life on this small farm. I can see far bigger farms on the other side of the loch, and they tell me the world reaches miles and miles away on the other side of the hill. But I don't know. I am a goose, as you say, and I have tried to do a goose's work. I have laid thousands of eggs, and have brought up four hundred and eighteen children. I have been a



loving mother to them, and I hope they are all well though I don't know where they are. And I have guarded the farmhouse and kept off thieves. I am only sorry that when I ran to little children sometimes to make friends with them, they thought I was angry and ran away and threw stones at me. Why did you laugh when you said I was still a goose? Could I have been anything else, or anything better, seeing God made me so? You are a man, and even older than I am; would you laugh if I said—"And still you are a man?"

. . . . . .

To that question the young laird said nothing. For only that morning a shepherd on his estate had sharply rebuked him for some wrong doing, and had said to him —"If you were even half-a-man—" And stronger things than that had been said to him before. As a boy he was dismissed from a public school; as a young man at Oxford he had been "sent down;" his father had left him £80,000 and estates that brought in £9,000 a year. And now, by betting at horse races and other blackguardisms he was £30,000 in debt, and trustees, by appointment of the law courts, managed his estates. He had a letter, too, in his pocket, the thought of which sent the blood to his head.

. . . . . .

While the goose and he had been speaking, the sky had been darkening. Presently big drops of rain began to fall, and then there was a flash of lightning. Now lightning was the one thing that the young laird truly feared. It brought God and the other world so near!

"This storm," said the goose, "will last only a few minutes, but we shall have one to-morrow that will last two hours, and a still worse one two days after. And meantime you will be safer under another tree. Come and I'll take you to the right one."

. . . . . .

Five minutes after, the young man set out on his way home, but before he parted with the goose, "Look here," he said, "you asked me a little ago what electricity was. It seems to me you know ten times more about it, and a good many other things as well, than I do, and if there's a goose in this company, it's not you!"

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

No. 8.—The Boy who is unkind to those who are Deformed.

THE art of mimicry is one of God's great gifts to men, but we ought never to use it so as to cause needless pain.

It is a cruel cruel thing to mock those who are lame, or crooked, or in any other way marred in form or feature. They don't need us to remind them of what they never can forget. If you meet a person who is very little, don't stare at him; don't turn round and look after him. There was a Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland two hundred years ago, Lord Stair, a man of little stature, and when he

was over seventy, he said to a friend: "One thing has spoiled my happiness all my life. But I have got over it now, and as a proof of this, I can venture to tell you *my unceasing regret at being such a little man.*" Oddly enough, he was married, they say, four times, and each time to a woman six feet high! Perhaps he found out that very tall people have their unceasing regrets too.

The deformed are often petted in infancy, and then, being mocked

as they get older, they sometimes become very bitter against God, and most unlovable.

When I was a boy, I once saw a big man turn round and laugh at a dwarf—it was in the Wellington Street Arcade in Glasgow—and I can still see the fury in the dwarf's face, as he turned suddenly round and struck the man with all his might with a heavy stick.

I have heard men who have had much to do with prisoners and the inmates of reformatories say, that men and women of low character *always* laugh at the mention of a personal defect in anyone.

Let me commend to you Tennyson's lines in *Guinevere*:—

> For in those days
> No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;
> But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in him
> By those whom God had made full-limbed and tall,
> Scorn was allowed as part of his defect,
> And he was answer'd softly by the King
> And all his Table.

Imitate Miss Abinger in Mr. Barrie's *When a Man's Single*, "who let people take advantage of her, lest she should be taking advantage of them; *and when she passed a cripple on the road, she walked very slowly, so that he should not feel his infirmity.*"

And when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob revived. Gen. 45, 27.

The princes brought their offering before the Lord, six wagons. And Moses took the wagons, and gave them unto the Levites. Num. 7, 2.

TWENTY-SIX years ago a Coffee-planter from Ceylon found himself in a certain street in London, with an important business appointment to keep at 11 o'clock. I have forgotten some of the circumstances, but 17½ was the number in the street, and that number he could not find, and the clock was pointing to two minutes to the hour. In his despair he hailed a passing hansom, and stepping in, said, "Take me to 17½, please; I can't find it."

"All right, Sir!"

And then the driver, having turned the hansom right round on one of its wheels as on a pivot, said to his passenger through the little trap-door in the roof, "Here you are, Sir, this is 17½!" And so deposited him just where he had been standing. "And I was so much amused at the fellow's smartness and coolness," said the man as he told the story—though I must say I thought him somewhat extravagant—"that I gave him five shillings to himself."

That tale came into my mind the other day as I noticed a touching little incident in our main line of street. A message boy, having hoisted with great difficulty a heavy basket on to the back of an empty lorry—that is, a long cart for carrying heavy loads—had jumped up himself beside it. The lorry was evidently bound for the railway-sheds three-quarters of a mile further on. But the boy was barely settled in his seat—indeed the lorry had not gone two yards—when the driver turned his horse round to a gate that led up to a private house, and the poor boy had to dismount in hot haste. The boy, perhaps, should have asked leave before putting his basket up, though

working men are in the habit of both giving and taking favours without a word, but I should have been better pleased if the driver had said —"I'm very sorry I'm going no further." But none of us has always command of the right word.

Once, however, I saw a driver do a cruel thing. He had a lorry, too, and was walking his horse quietly along, when a baker's boy put his load of loaves on the end of it. The first street on the right hand led down hill, and when he came to it, the carter drove the lorry suddenly round the corner, and made his

horse trot. The boy, who had thought the horse would be going straight on, tried in vain to get his load off, and finally began to cry, begging the man, as he ran clinging on behind, to "stop a minute." But on the horse was driven for several hundred yards till it came to the foot of the brae, and then the boy had wearily to climb the hill down which he had never meant to go.

That boy's cries, one may be sure, would ring for many a day in that man's ears and heart. And, indeed, I sometimes think it is the same carter whom I occasionally see stopping, as he goes along the road, to give all the message girls and boys he sees a lift. He had eleven on, the other day, all laughing so merrily that the horse itself seemed pleased with every new accession to its load.

Lo! Children are God's Heritage.—Ps. 127, 3.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid, How many may you be?"

A Lesson for the Younger Boys and Girls in Large Families.

Continued from page 82.

How many may you be?

8 GEORGE ELIOTT, afterwards Lord HEATHFIELD, born in Roxburghshire, 1717, died 1790, was the seventh son and eighth child of Sir Gilbert Eliott. He is best known for his heroic defence of Gibraltar, from June, 1779, to February, 1783, against the combined fleets of France and Spain. During the siege his gunners fired 8,300 rounds, more than half of which were red-hot balls. One is pleased to read that Lord Heathfield never drank anything but water. . . . Sir JAMES Y. SIMPSON, 1811-1870, of *chloroform* fame, was the seventh son and eighth child of a baker. "You'll remember, Jamie," said his mother to him one day, "that your mother was a grand darner." . . . JOSEPH BUTLER, 1692-1752, Bishop of Durham though a Presbyterian's son, was also the youngest of a family of eight. It was whilst he was Chaplain to Queen Caroline, and engaged for two hours every evening conversing with her and the Court wits, that he thought out a great book of which you will often hear if you are spared, *The Analogy of Religion.*

9 ANDREW MELVILLE, 1545-1622, was the youngest of the nine sons of Richard Melville, a gentleman of Angus, who was killled at the battle of Pinkie, in 1547. When their mother, Gills Abercrombie, died in 1557, she left six of her sons in "honest rooms," that is, in honourable situations, all bearing office in kirk or commonwealth. "They were Richard, Minister of Christ's Evangel; Thomas, a fine scholar, well travelled, Secretary depute of Scotland; Walter, oft Bailie of Montrose, a wise and stout man; Roger, Burgess of Dundee, a man of singular gifts of nature and God's grace, nocht trained up in letters, but a man who will be remembered as long as Dundee is a town; James, a minister; John, guidman, and ruler of

How many may you be?

9

his mother's affairs, afterwards a minister; the rest were Robert, David, and Andrew, whereof the first two were kept at school till they were tired, and were put to trades. The last was a sickly, tender boy, and took pleasure in nothing so much as his book." This was the boy whom Mr. John Douglas, Rector of St. Andrews University, would take between his legs at the fire in winter, and warm his hands and cheeks, and blessing him, say, "My sillie (poor) fatherless and motherless child, it's ill to wit what God may make of thee yet." What God made of him, or at least some part of it, I shall tell you in the words of Principal Story of Glasgow University: "His career was in itself a noble addition to any nation's history; but, further, he renewed the intellectual life of Scotland; he perfected the incomplete framework of the Reformed Church, and successfully vindicated its spiritual independence; and, thirdly, he taught society the principles of liberty and order, checked the violence of the nobles and the tyranny of the Crown, and asserted the civil and religious rights of the people." . . . ADAM GIB, 1714-1788, a man who played some part in Scottish Ecclesiastical History in his time, was also a ninth child. His first serious impressions were caused by his unexpectedly witnessing the execution of a criminal in the Grass-market. His eldest brother having become a prodigal, his father settled his estate on Adam. After the funeral, when the will was read, Adam asked his brother if he would reform, and, on his promising to do so, threw the will in the fire. . . . RICHARD WAGNER, 1813-1883, the musical composer, was the youngest of nine. As a child he used to watch, with a feeling of awe, the famous musician, Weber, passing the window. When he was twelve he translated the first twelve books of the Odyssey out of school hours for amusement. His stepfather wished to make a painter of him, but, on the day before he died, hearing the child, then eight years old, playing some instrument in the next room, he whispered to his mother, "Do you think he might have a gift for music?" . . . Another ninth child was TISCHENDORF, a wonderful decipherer and discoverer of ancient manuscripts, one of the great company of Biblical scholars, our debt to whom none of us will ever be able to understand till God, by His grace, bring us to glory. . . . THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, the painter, 1727-1788, was the youngest of a family of four daughters and five sons. When he was a boy he saw a thief one day robbing his father's orchard, and made a sketch of the man's face which led to his identification.

10

AMONGST *tenth* children have been JAMES NASMYTH, 1808-1890, whose invention of the steam hammer in 1839 made huge castings in iron and steel possible—an invention which was the result of little more than half-an-hour's thinking, though that half-hour's thinking was itself the result and reward of his diligence and care as an apprentice and journeyman. . . . Sir WALTER SCOTT, the tenth of twelve. . . . THOMAS SCOTT, 1747-1821, tenth of thirteen, who as a boy was sent "to do the dirty parts of a grazier's work," and lived to feed, as a man, in his great Commentary, the flock of God.

Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 8.

This lad won't go to the village church during his holidays—such a pretty spot it is too, with trees and flowers all round it!—because he knows a man whose little sister was stung, or almost stung, by a wasp in it, or in some other country church, five or six, or perhaps seven years ago; and he thinks it far better to go out on to the hills and study the works of nature perfectly undisturbed.

1	W	School re-opens. The child Samuel grew before the Lord.—*1 Sam. 2, 21.*
2	TH	The Lord called Samuel.—*1 Sam. 3, 4.*
3	F	And he answered, Here am I. "Never allow a man to overstay his leave by a minute under any pretext short o a medical certificate, and when he does forget himself, stop all future leave for an indefinite period." *Sir Harry Lumsden's Rules for the 'Guides,'* the only regiment whose officers wear their swords, etc., at meals.
4	S	They that were ready went in with Him.—*Matt. 25, 10.*
5	S	— me, who am less than the least of all saints.—*Eph. 3, 8.*
6	M	Sinners, of whom I am chief.—*1 Tim. 1, 15.*
7	TU	So likewise say ye, We are unprofitable servants.—*Luke 17, 10.*
8	W	The centurion said, Lord, I am not worthy.—*Matt. 8, 8.*
9	TH	The elders besought Jesus, saying, That he was worthy.—*Luke 7, 4.*
10	F	They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy.—*Rev. 3, 4.*
11	S	Wash me.—*Ps. 51, 7.* "An old Sikh rissaldar (Cavalry captain), whose long white beard fell over his chest, when dying, 1878, sent for Col. Wigram Battye, and seizing his hands said, 'Sahib, if at any time that I have been serving under you, I have committed any fault or made any mistake, forgive me now.'" *Sir R. Warburton's Eighteen Years in the Khyber.*
12	S	He that loveth his life shall lose it.—*John 12,25.*
13	M	They said to Jesus, Depart, for Herod will kill Thee.—*Luke 13, 31.*
14	TU	He said, Howbeit I must go on My way,—*(R. V.)*
15	W	To-day, and to-morrow, and the day following.
16	TH	And the third day I am perfected.
17	F	My meat is to do the will of Him That sent Me.
18	S	And to accomplish His work.—*John 4, 34 (R. V.)* At the siege of Stralsund, 1714, a bomb fell into a room where Charles XII. was dictating. His secretary instantly dropped his pen. "What is the matter?" said Charles. "Oh, the bomb!" "The bomb! What have we to do with bomb? Go on."
19	S	Jesus saith unto her, Mary!—*John 20, 16.*
20	M	O Jacob, O Israel, I have redeemed thee.—*Is. 43, 1.*
21	TU	I have called thee by thy name. "You did once, one time only, call me 'Robert,' and the name so spoken became what it never had been before to me." *Robert Browning's Letters to his Wife before their marriage.*
22	W	He that overcometh — I will confess his name.—*Rev. 3, 5.*
23	TH	To him that overcometh I will give a white stone.—*ch. 2, 17.*
24	F	And upon the stone a new name written.
25	S	Abraham was called the Friend of God.—*James 2, 23.* He was dead 1000 years when Jehoshaphat gave him that name.—*2 Chron. 20, 7.*
26	S	Thus saith the Lord to His anointed, to Cyrus.—*Is. 45, 1-5.*
27	M	Whose right hand I have holden;
28	TU	To open the doors before him.
29	W	I will go before thee.
30	TH	I have surnamed thee.
31	F	I will gird thee. "He trod an open and unfrequented path to immortality." *Howard the prison-reformer's Epitaph in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

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The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 9.

"He that hopes to be a good angler must bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, aud a large measure of hope and patience."—Izaac Walton.

The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.
—Ps. 97, 1.

EXTRACT from a letter written during the Indian Mutiny by the late Sir Bartle Frere to General Jacob, Commandant of the Sind Irregular Horse, and Founder of the town of Jacobabad.

"May 15, 1857.
At Sea, between Bombay and Kurrachee.

. . . . . .

The more I see behind the scenes in London and elsewhere, the greater is my amazement at the absence of anything like well-devised plan or prudent foresight in our rulers, and the stronger my conviction that there is an Intelligence carrying us forward to ends we see not, by means we least expect, and turning our grossest blunders into means of our advancement in spite of ourselves."

And if a man contend in the games, he is not crowned, except he have contended lawfully.—2 Timothy 2, 5.

IN the number for last October, I told you of a mean thing that two men had done at the Amateur Athletic Championship Meeting at Wolverhampton. The pole of their opponent in the Vaulting Competition had gone amissing on the railway, and they refused to lend them theirs! I now wish to tell you of a kindly thing I saw done by a man to a brother yachtsman on the Clyde, one morning during the races a month ago. While his steam yacht was towing his sailing yacht to the starting point at Hunter's Quay, he came up on his most formidable opponent's yacht, as it lay hopelessly becalmed a mile or two from the rendezvous, and throwing him a line took him in tow also!

"One likes to see that," I said to an old skipper beside whom I was standing. "Yes," he said, "and if you had been here the other day, you would have seen the same gentleman towing *five* of his opponents, in similar circumstances, all at once! And not only does he do that, but if the wind falls calm on the morning of a race, he goes round to the different places where the other yachts lie, I mean where their moorings are, and brings them up every one to the starting point."

Now, of course, one knows that the man who does that kind of thing can't imagine himself doing anything else, and would probably feel insulted if anybody were to say a word to him about it. It is not only a gentlemanly thing, but the right and proper thing to do, and to praise a man for doing it is, perhaps, as absurd as it would be to praise him for taking his meals. Yet there are some men who would not do such a thing, who would be only too well pleased to find all their opponents absent, and would claim a winning flag simply for sailing over the course. But there are others, as the skipper said to me, who would be quite willing to give another man a tow, but they can't be bothered—"they wouldn't take the trouble." There are many people who, when they hear of a fine action, say: "I would have done that myself;" yet, somehow, you never catch them doing it!

I hope some of you boys who read this will attempt the glorious task of carrying out this royal law—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself — even in your *business*

careers. That is a road to immortality that is not only little travelled, but is supposed, by most men, not even to exist. You will be quite willing, I trust, to help any man in trouble. You know the lines :—

When the world goes hard and wrong,
Lend a hand to help him along ;
When his stockings have holes to darn,
Don't you grudge him your ball of yarn.

But Christ meant the law of love to go much further than that ; *how* much further, that man will find out who is likest Him.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 87.)

What is thy name?

Catherine

CATHERINE, or more rightly KATHARINE, comes from a Greek word which means *pure*. It is one of the commonest of girls' names, and many books, therefore, could be written about famous women who have borne it.

There was a Christian martyr of this name, put to death A.D. 307. She was at first sentenced to be torn to pieces by toothed wheels, it is said, but lightning consumed them. That is why a certain kind of firework is called a *Catherine wheel*.

Melanchthon the Reformer's wife was a KATHARINE CRAPPIN, and Luther's a KATHARINE VON BORA. The latter was one of nine nuns whom Luther brought to the full knowledge of Christ. His action in marrying her was one of the best and bravest things he ever did. But to this day the Roman Catholic Church has never ceased to make the most false and shameful charges against both him and her. When he was dying, and she was in great distress, he said to her: "Dear Katharine, thou shouldest read John's Gospel."

Of Catherines who have been the mothers of heroes may be mentioned four: CATHERINE SUCKLING, the mother of Lord Nelson ; CATHERINE CARRINGTON, the mother of Lord Napier of Magdala ; and KATHARINE, BARONESS CLIFTON, the wife of the third Duke of Lennox. She had many brave sons—three of them were killed in battle—and with one of them she sent this letter to James I. : "My Sovereign Lord,—According to your Majesty's gracious pleasure signified unto me, I have sent a young man to attend you, accompanied with a widow's prayers and tears, that he may wax old in your Majesty's service, and in his fidelity and affection may equal his ancestor departed ; so shall he find grace and favour in the eyes of my lord the King ; which will revive the dying hopes and raise the dejected spirits of a comfortless mother.—Your Majesty's most humble servant, KATHARINE LENNOX." There was also KATHARINE CHAMPERNOWNE, the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh and, by a previous marriage, of the famous seamen, Adrian and Humphrey Gilbert. It was Sir Humphrey who, when his little ship, the *Squirrel*, was sinking in the Atlantic, was heard to cry out, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land."

When we speak of Catherines who had brave sons, we must not

What is thy name? atherine

forget one who was brave herself—Catherine Douglas, one of the queen's maids, known in Scotch history as "Bar-lass," because she barred the door with her arm, the bolts having been tampered with, on the night of the 20th February, 1437, when conspirators came to murder James I. in the cloister of the Black Friars at Perth.

There was a CATHERINE KILLIGREW, LADY FISHER, a woman of great wealth, who gave away almost all that she had during her lifetime, saying she "wished her own hands to be her executors." She died in 1689, leaving only £10.

Mrs. Browning wrote a poem called MY KATE, of whom she says, that "men at her side

> Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town,
> The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.
> None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall;
> They knelt more to God than they used—that was all."

There is an American insect of the grasshopper species called, from its song, the *Katydid*, about which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote a merry little song, with the refrain—

> Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
> What did poor Katy do?

I hope that, of every little Katy who may read these words, it may be said hereafter, "She did what she could."

WHILE the article about boys riding on lorries in last number was printing, I heard a girl promising the napkinful of dulse she had gathered on the shore to a driver, if he would give her "a lift." Dulse is a kind of sea-weed eaten in these parts by many—there is no accounting for tastes—but whether it was that he resented the offer of a bribe, or this offer in particular, all I know is, he gave her no answer, but drove on. Whereupon I put him down in my mind as a surly, ill-conditioned fellow.

A few hours afterwards, I got a letter about the death of a girl, two years and three months old. Her little brother had led her by the hand to a gate, through which a lorry was passing with a long log of wood. The driver suddenly pulled the horse to one side, the log swung round, the little girl's head was jammed against the post, and in one moment she was dead. This was on Monday, 23rd July last, at noon.

A day or two before, a few yards from that very spot, she had been gathering, with all a child's delight and wonder, the white clover, little thinking that she herself, within a few short hours, would be plucked up, and planted in the paradise of God.

I did not know her, but they tell me she was very lovable in all her ways, "everybody's body." But it was the Elder Brother Himself, Who loved her most, and took her hand and carried her away. While her mother was preparing the mid-day meal, her Saviour and her Lord had said to the angels, as Joseph did to

the ruler of his house when he saw Benjamin, "Bring her home, and make ready; for she shall dine with Me at noon."

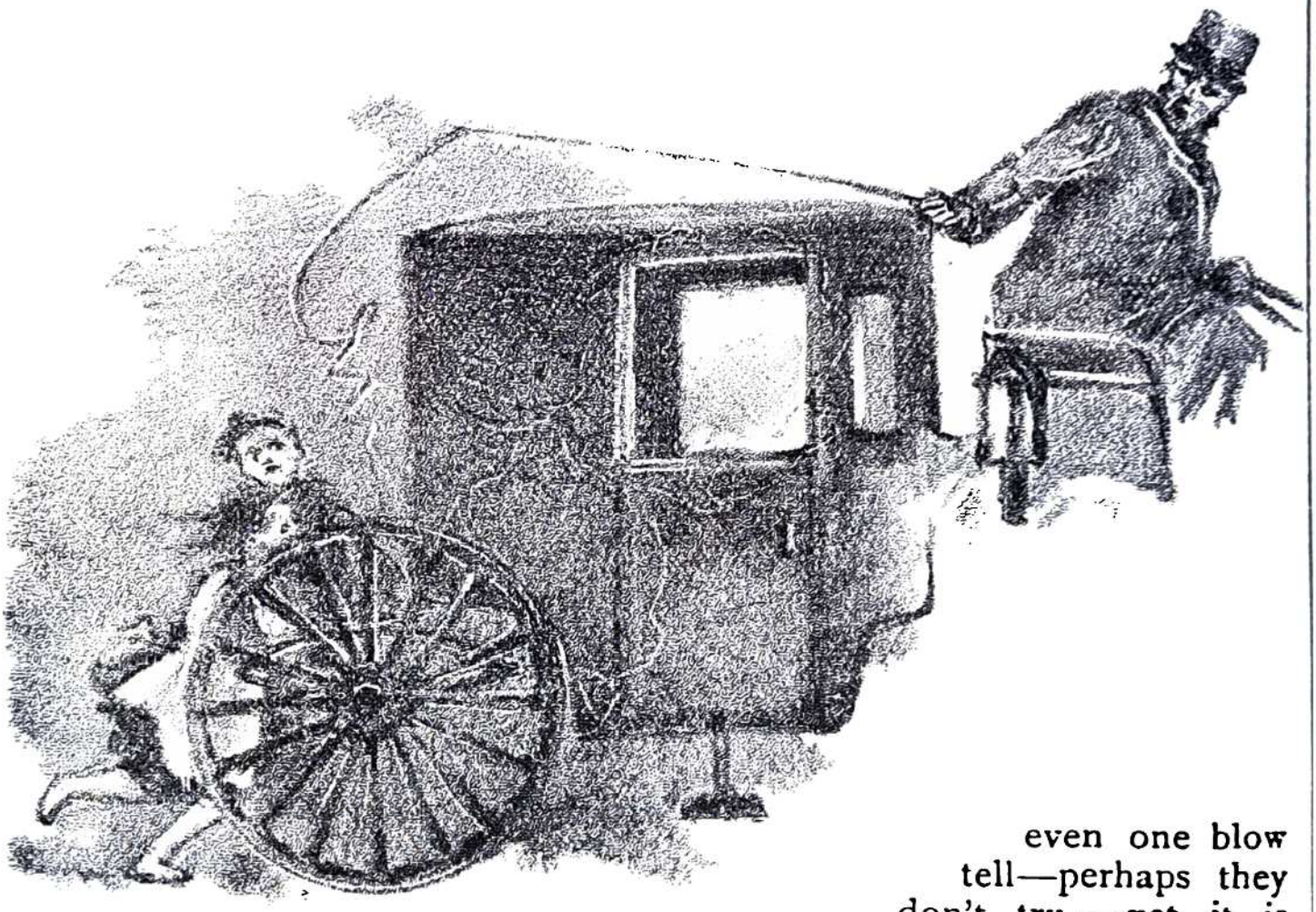
. . . . .

When one hears of an accident like that, one is inclined to judge all drivers of vehicles a little more gently. A good woman once said to me that she was thankful to God every day that none of her family had anything to do with horses, she had seen so many narrow escapes and got so many frights. There are dangers in all trades, no doubt, but the risks that men run who drive horses seem unusually many. Children jump up behind conveyances, and think all they have to do is to step off when they have gone as far as they wish. They think neither of what is ahead of them, nor at the side of them, and a slip or a false step may mean death.

It is certainly never safe to ride

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

No. 9.—The Boy who rides behind Cabs.



behind a cab. For the driver somehow generally finds out that there is some one hanging on. Sometimes it is the horse's pace that tells him, sometimes it is the boy's own shadow thrown sideways on the street or an adjoining wall—boys don't think of that—but if neither horse nor man discovers the adventitious passenger, there is always some envious or tricky boy who will point him out. Then comes a hurricane of blows, and though drivers never seem to make even one blow tell—perhaps they don't try — yet it is not possible for any boy, however brave and calm, to sit still, and it is just as hard to drop off, either gracefully or safely.

Euodia, Syntyche, Clement, and the rest of my fellow-workers, whose names are in the book of life.—Phil. 4, 3. R.V.

EIGHTEEN years ago Mr Smith, of the firm of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., issued the prospectus of a new *Dictionary of National Biography*. The first volume appeared three years after, in 1885, and during the fifteen years that have followed a new volume

has been published with unfailing regularity every three months. The sixty-third and concluding volume was issued a few weeks ago. It is the greatest work of its kind that has ever been sent forth from the press in any country, and it is an enterprise that reflects glory on our nation.

The Editors have been Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Sidney Lee. There are 29,108 pages in it, and in these the lives of 29,120 men and women of the British and Irish race, "who have achieved any reasonable amount of distinction in any walk of life," are briefly given. The letter B has more famous names under it than any other—namely, 3,078. Then comes C, then S and H, which are equal. Q has 31, Z 21, while poor X has none at all. The names that occur most frequently are, in their order: Smith, Jones, Stewart, Hamilton, Brown, Clark, Moore, Taylor, Douglas, Scott, Williams, Gordon, Wilson, Thomson, Campbell, Murray, Davies, Howard, and Robertson. The lives have been written by 653 scholars, of whom 56 died while the work was publishing. Some of these are themselves noticed in the later volumes. The feet of them that buried others were at the door, and carried them out also.

The Editors have calculated that during the historic ages of our country, that is from the fifth century to the present time, three hundred millions of people have been born and have died in Britain and Ireland, of whom one half have lived to be adults, that is, have reached the age of twenty-four. Only one person, therefore, out of every ten thousand finds a place in this great book.

As years pass on and this and succeeding generations pass away, supplementary volumes will no doubt be issued. I hope some of you who read this page are already wondering if your names will appear in those new lists. Mr Barrie's Sentimental Tommy used to turn pale at the thought that he might die before he had become famous. And who is there that would not like to be remembered? Yet, as an old writer, Sir Thomas Browne, has said: "There is no antidote against the oblivion of time; generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. The greater part of men must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of men." The people whom you and I have loved best, who have been all the world to us, and who, we fondly think, were in some ways really "great," have no place in this new dictionary, but they shall be known hereafter and for ever. There is a great "choir invisible" that shall be seen when the secrets of all hearts are made manifest. You and I are not to speculate on our chance of fame. Whether our name begins with B or not with B, is not the question. There is a work for everyone of us to do, time enough to do it in—twelve hours in the day—and the man who does his work will not be forgotten before God. Make your

calling and election sure. See that your name is written this very day in the Lamb's Book of Life. Be like the valiant man of whom Bunyan tells us in the "Pilgrim's Progress," who cried to the man who sat with a book and his inkhorn before him at the door of the palace, "Set down my name, sir," and then drew his sword and rushed upon the armed men who would keep him out, cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace, at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were therein, even of those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying—

Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win.

Reasons for not going to Church.

2nd Series—No. 9.

The weather forecast for Tuesday, four weeks ago, was: "Heavy rain over all Scotland. Southerly gales. Hoist storm signals." Yet this man went to a picnic, because "it might clear up, and he had noticed that these weather prophets were far oftener wrong than right; and, anyway, a little rain could do him no harm."

The forecast for last Sabbath was: "Local showers; perhaps thunder." But this same young man did not go to Church, though it was a lovely morning, and the barometer was rising steadily, because "it might draw to rain, and he had a weak chest which was affected by the least damp, and he always went by the weather forecasts, and seldom, if ever, found them wrong."

Lo! Children are God's heritage.—Ps. 127, 3.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"

A Lesson for the Younger Boys and Girls in Large Families.

How many may you be?

10

TENTH Children continued. . . SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772-1834, philosopher and poet. He said of himself that he "never thought as a child, and never had the language of a child." He read the *Arabian Nights* before his fifth birthday, and later on, while still a boy, read Virgil for pleasure. In one of his day dreams in the street his hand came against a gentleman's pocket. On being challenged as a thief, he explained that he "was Leander swimming the Hellespont." When he was near his end, he wrote that he felt "with an intensity unfathomable by words, his utter nothingness, impotence, and worthlessness, in and for himself." . . . Jos-

How many may you be?

EPH GURNEY, 1788-1847, the philanthropist, trained chiefly, owing to their mother's death, by his sister Elizabeth, Mrs. Fry, the prisoners' friend. . . . BENJAMIN WEST, 1738-1820, born in Pennsylvania.

10 At the age of seven he drew a picture in chalk of his baby niece in her cradle, but his first lessons in painting were given him by a Cherokee Indian, who gave him some red and yellow chalk, to which his mother added a stick of indigo. He shaved a cat to make his brushes. One of his greatest pictures—it was sold for 2,000 guineas—was "Death Riding on the Pale Horse." His "Death of Wolfe" was the first battle picture in modern times in which soldiers were represented in modern, and not in Greek or Roman costumes —an innovation bitterly opposed even by such a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds.

11 OF *eleventh* children may be mentioned THOMAS CAMPBELL, the poet, 1777-1844, who wrote *Hohenlinden* and *Ye Mariners of England.* At his burial in Westminster Abbey, a foreign nobleman scattered on his coffin dust from the grave of Kosciusko, the Polish general of whom Campbell had sung—

> Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
> And freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell.

. . . HENRY OCTAVIUS COXE, 1811-1881, the Bodleian "large-hearted librarian," "at his death the most universally beloved character in Oxford." "I never enter the Library," he once said, "without looking at the portrait of Sir Thomas Bodley—the man who founded it—and resolving to do nothing which would have offended him." During the first thirty years of his librarianship he never once took the full number of holidays to which he was entitled, so fond was he of his work. It was in his reign that the great catalogue, containing the names of all books in the library except those in Hebrew and other Eastern languages, was prepared. It consisted of 723 folio volumes! . . . Compare with Mr. Coxe, whom the very Arabs of the gutter loved, KING RICHARD III. OF ENGLAND, eleventh of a family of twelve, whom "dogs barked at as he halted by them." Falling, with the crown on his head, at the battle of Bosworth, he was carried dead to Leicester on a horse's back, with a halter round his neck. . . . CHARLES READE, the novelist, 1814-1884, was a seventh son and the youngest of eleven children. He was a big, hot-tempered, but brave-hearted man, who wrote novels "with a purpose." He wrote, for example, against the murderous tyranny of the trade-unionists in Sheffield, the crimes of rich men who built "coffin ships," and the cruel treatment of lunatics in asylums and of criminals after they were released from prison. His house was full of dogs, gazelles, and hares, and his door was ever open to anyone who had a grievance. His novel, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, is reckoned by many one of the greatest in the language. It is a tremendous impeachment and exposure of the falsehood and cruelty of the Church of Rome four hundred years ago.

12 HERE are three *twelfth* children:—Dr. THOMAS GUTHRIE, 1803-1873, orator and friend of Ragged Schools, the twelfth of thirteen. . . . Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, 1786-1847, Arctic Explorer. His father meant

How many may you be?

12

him to be a minister, but a holiday visit to the sea shore made him a sailor. . . . ROBERT WALKER, 1709-1802, known in Cumberland as *The Wonderful*, an English Church Minister who kept a free School, spinning whilst the children said their lessons. His total income was £20 a year, yet he left £2,000, surely more than justifying the name the Shepherds gave him. Wordsworth, in his *Excursion*, book vii., says of him :—

> In this one man is shewn a temperance, proof
> Against all trials ; industry severe
> And constant as the motion of the day.

I went by the field of the slothful, and received instruction.
—Prov. 24, 30-34.

1	S	Watching with all perseverance.—*Eph. 6, 18.* "By squatting low in the shadow of a bush, and keeping quite still, I have let an enemy's scout come and stand within three feet of me, so that when he turned his back towards me I was able to stand up where I was and fling my arms round him."—*Baden-Powell's Aids to Scouting.*
2	S	Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.—*John 2, 5.*
3	M	I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves.—*Matt. 10, 16.*
4	Tu	Go ye into all the world.—*Mark 16, 15.* "If a man wants to get on, he must never refuse to go anywhere that the Secretary of State may desire to send him."—*Sir Edward Malet, G.C.B., on the Duties of Ambassadors.*
5	W	When He had called His disciples, He gave them power.—*Matt. 10, 1.*
6	Th	All power is given unto Me.—*Matt. 28. 18.*
7	F	And, lo, I am with you alway.
8	S	When I sent you, lacked ye anything?—*Luke 22, 35.*
9	S	Jesus, the effulgence of God's glory,
10	M	And the very image of His substance—*Heb. 1, 3 (R. V.)*
11	Tu	Made in the likeness of men.—*Phil. 2, 7.*
12	W	For your sakes He became poor.—*2 Cor. 8, 9.*
13	Th	In all points tempted like as we are.—*Heb. 4, 15.*
14	F	He hungered.—*Mark 11, 12.* "For three months I lived with my coxwain and boat's crew in an open boat in the Canton River. We had only a plank to lie on at night. My kit consisted of a blanket, two flannel shirts—one on and one off—toothbrush, comb, towel, and soap. We had but one basin to eat our pea-soup out of. No matter whether the pork was rancid or the water stank, I never heard a murmur of discontent: they knew that what did for them did for me."—*Admiral Sir W. Kennedy, K.C.B.'s "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor."*
15	S	(The Risen) Jesus saith, Children, have ye any meat?—*John 21, 5.*
16	S	He saw others standing idle.—*Matt. 20, 3-15.*
17	M	He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard,
18	Tu	And whatsoever is right, I will give you.
19	W	Call the labourers. "I have often observed that, after a battle, when the time comes for rewards, the best friends fall foul of each other."—*General Skobeleff.*
20	Th	When they had received the penny, they murmured.
21	F	Friend, I do thee no wrong.
22	S	Is thine eye evil, because I am good?
23	S	For He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth:
24	M	He shall judge the world with righteousness.—*Ps. 96, 13.*
25	Tu	The day when God shall judge the secrets of men.—*Rom. 2. 16.*
26	W	Every man's work shall be made manifest.—*1 Cor. 3, 13.*
27	Th	Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight:
28	F	But all things are naked.—*Heb. 4. 13.*
29	S	Not one sparrow is forgotten before God.—*Luke 12, 6.* "Brigadier Inglis in a despatch to Outram gave a detailed account of the defence of Lucknow up to date; admirably written, and an excellent summary of the eighty-seven days. But like other despatches *it had omissions* which would hardly have been expected."—*Recollections of Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.*
30	S	Give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.—*Ps. 97, 12.*

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The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 10.

"H. M. S. Terrible."

IN the *Morning Watch* for December, 1898, there was a little article on the mistake which mothers make in choosing hats for their children with such names on the ribbon as *Bellona*, *Flirt*, *Fury*, *Impudent*. It is a pity that such names should ever be given to men-of-war. A battle ship should be a minister of God, and its name worthy of its high calling. In the day of Christ's glory, when His will shall be done on earth even as it is in heaven, Zechariah tells us there shall be upon the bells of the horses—and much more upon the riders, as Walter Pringle, the Covenanter, said—"HOLY UNTO THE LORD." And these words will be on every ship too.

One day lately I saw a pretty child with a cap inscribed "H.M.S. Terrible." At the first glance it seemed a ludicrous misnomer. But on second thoughts one saw that there *is* something terrible in the eyes of a child, and especially in those of a little girl.

You know what is meant by the phrase *l'enfant terrible*. It describes the child that in the innocence or simplicity of its heart blurts out things at inconvenient moments. But it is not the child that tells things that is to blame, but we who do the things that won't bear telling. I once heard a very good and very wise man say—and he was one who was singularly happy in his marriage—that a man should have a certain feeling of awe in the presence of his wife. A good woman—I mean one of the highest type—should represent not only the infinite tenderness and forgivingness of God, but His purity, and holy severity as well. Her look of pain when one whom she loves does anything unworthy, is a glimpse of God's own face. There is an awful truth in the saying of M. Renan, that the judgments that shall be pronounced in the valley of Jehoshaphat will not differ much from those already passed on us by good women.

May every child we see draw us nearer God; may its face look forth to us as the morning—

> Fair as the moon,
> Clear as the sun,
> Terrible as an army with banners.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 100.)

What is thy name?

Catherine

MRS. BOOTH, the wife of the founder of the Salvation Army, was a Catherine. One may not approve of much that she said and did, yet there is no doubt she was one of the most remarkable women of modern times. One of her sayings was, "I am determined not to have bad children," and she took the kingdom of heaven by violence, and saw her prayers answered, for she neither took rest nor gave God rest till all her family were born again.

There are many other noble Catherines about whom one would

What is thy name?

Catherine

like to speak, but lest any girls of that name who may read this should get too proud, let me remind them that some of the worst women in history have borne the name; as, for example, CATHARINE DE' MEDICI, niece of Pope Clement VII., the wife of one King of France and the mother of three, the woman at whose door must be laid the chief blame of the massacre of 4,000 Huguenots in Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day, 24th August, 1572, a crime of which the Roman Catholic Church has never repented.

Candace

May I tell you about a woman called CANDACE, though the name is a little out of its alphabetical order in this list, and, one may say almost with absolute certainty, is not borne by any living known to us?

Some of you think it is Candace, Queen of Ethiopia, that is, of the Soudan and Abyssinia, the woman whose treasurer was baptized by Philip, the Evangelist, that is in my mind. But you are quite wrong. CANDACE was a black washerwoman, one of God's images "carved in ebony." She lived ninety years ago, and helped in the family of which the late Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, Mrs. Stowe, who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, were members. "My mother," says Mrs. Stowe, "died when I was four years old, but her memory did more to mould the family in deterring us from evil and exciting us to good than the living presence of many mothers. Everybody seemed to have been so impressed by her as to reflect some portion back. Even our portly old Candace, who came once a week, would draw us aside, and with tears in her eyes tell us of the saintly virtues of our mother." So you see this Candace, like her great namesake, had treasures too, namely, holy memories of a godly woman; and the little children, whom she loved to tell them to, took charge of them, and put them out to interest, and gained both for her and for themselves an hundred-fold.

Cecilia.

The name CECILIA is an ancient Roman one. It was common in England, in various spellings, before the Reformation, but not since.

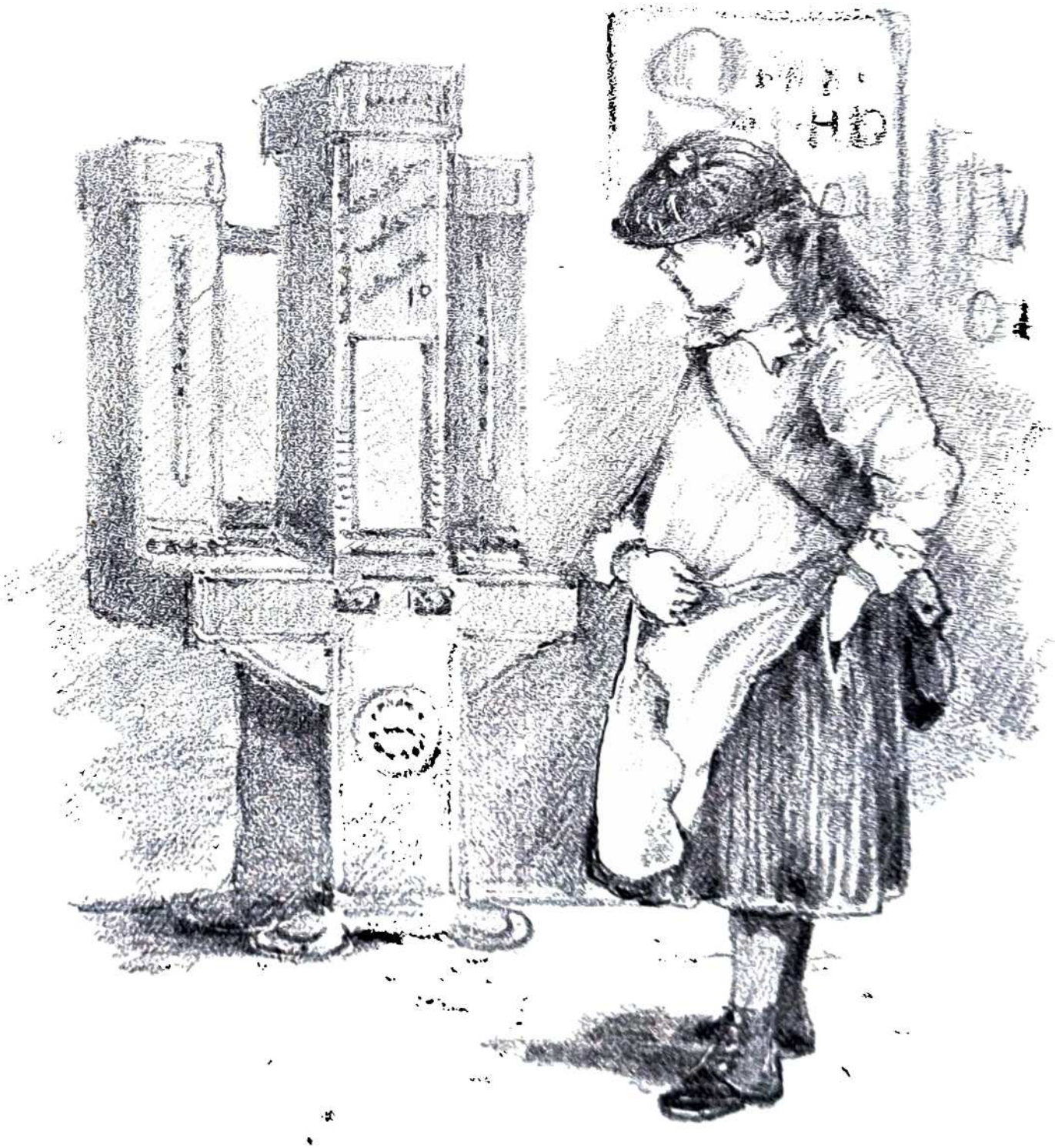
CICELY ORMES, wife of a worsted weaver, and daughter of Thomas Haund, a tailor, was burnt to death for her Protestantism at Norwich, 23rd September, 1537, aged 32. When asked what it was the priest held over his head during the celebration of Mass, she said, "It is bread, and if you make it any better, it is worse." After coming to the stake, she knelt down and prayed. Then rising up she said, "Good people, I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, Three Persons and One God. I recant from the bottom of my heart the doings of the Pope of Rome and all his priests. I utterly refuse and never will have to do with them again, by God's grace. I believe to be saved by the death and passion of Christ. Good people, as many of you as believe as I believe, pray for me." Then, laying her hand on the stake, she said, "Welcome the Cross of Christ." Which being done, looking on her hand and seeing it blacked with the stake—for two martyrs, Simon Miller and Elizabeth Cooper, had been already burnt at it—she wiped it on her smock. Then, touching the stake again, she kissed it and said, "Welcome the sweet Cross of Christ," and so gave herself to be bound thereto. After the fire was kindled she said, "My soul doth

What is thy name?

Cecilia.

magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour."

With her compare CICELY NEVILLE, DUCHESS OF YORK, the "Rose of Raby," daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, wife of Richard Plantagenet, and mother of the wicked Edward IV., known as "Proud Cis." Her husband was killed in battle, and his head cut off, crowned with a paper crown, and stuck on the walls of York.



Children that have Something still to Learn.

No. 10.—The Girl who is always buying Sweetmeats.

LAY bye your bawbee, my Jenny,
Lay bye your bawbee, my dear;
Do as your mother aye did,
She took good care o' her gear.

The way young kimmers are drest,
Wise folk are sorry to see;
Their winnings are a' on their back,
And that's no' the thing that should be.

Work when ye're weel and ye're able,
Be honest and saving ye're tauld;
'Twill help when trouble comes on,
And mak' ye respected when auld.

Lasses and lads, tak' advice,
An' dinna ye gang for to woo,
Until ye hae gathered the siller,
An' the weel-plenished kist it is fu'.

Look to Archie and Peggie,
They married on naething ava';
And noo she's begging and greeting,
And Archie, he's listed awa'.

Lady Nairne, 1766-1845.

Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me—Jer. 49, 11.

EIGHT weeks ago the whole world was moved by stories, which have happily proved false, of massacres, and worse, in Peking. All the Europeans in that city, we were told, had been put to death, having first, it was added, shot their own wives to keep them from being tortured by the Chinese. Strange to say, this killing of the women was approved of not only by ignorant people who love the horrible, but even by some men and women who believe in God.

Some of those who have passed through this awful time in Peking and other parts of China have been known personally to some of us for many years. They never expected to see such days. What has been may be again; there is no new thing under the sun. The kingdoms of this world have not yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ. There are still dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty. And perhaps in the days to come some of our own boys and girls may have to face perils similar to those through which our missionaries and our ambassadors have lately passed. If that hour ever comes, I hope God will make you brave and enable you to keep your garments clean.

No man has a right in this world ever to despair. It is not only the unexpected but the impossible that is always coming to pass, That Frenchman spoke wisely who, hearing some one use the word "impossibility," made answer, "An impossibility is that which Frenchmen were created to do!" In every department of human action, from the playground to the battlefield, God rewards the man that has a stout heart and will not give in.

For a Christian man above all there should be no such thing as "losing heart." When Vans Agnew, a British officer, was dying in Mooltan in 1848, he sent a message to the afterwards famous Sir Herbert Edwardes announcing that rebellion had broken out. Edwardes, then

a young lieutenant, sent back word, "God will bring an honest man out of worse straits; so trust in Him and keep up your pluck."

"But," it is said, "think of the tortures these women would have been subjected to if they had fallen into the hands of such cruel enemies." To that a sufficient answer is—the future is in God's hands, and in God's only. He is the Almighty, and with Him one moment is as a thousand years. And if he does suffer women to be tortured,

> Remember how God made the fierce fire seem
> To those three children like a pleasant dew.
> Then, if thou call on God,
> God will beat down the fury of the flame,
> Or give thee saintly strength to undergo.

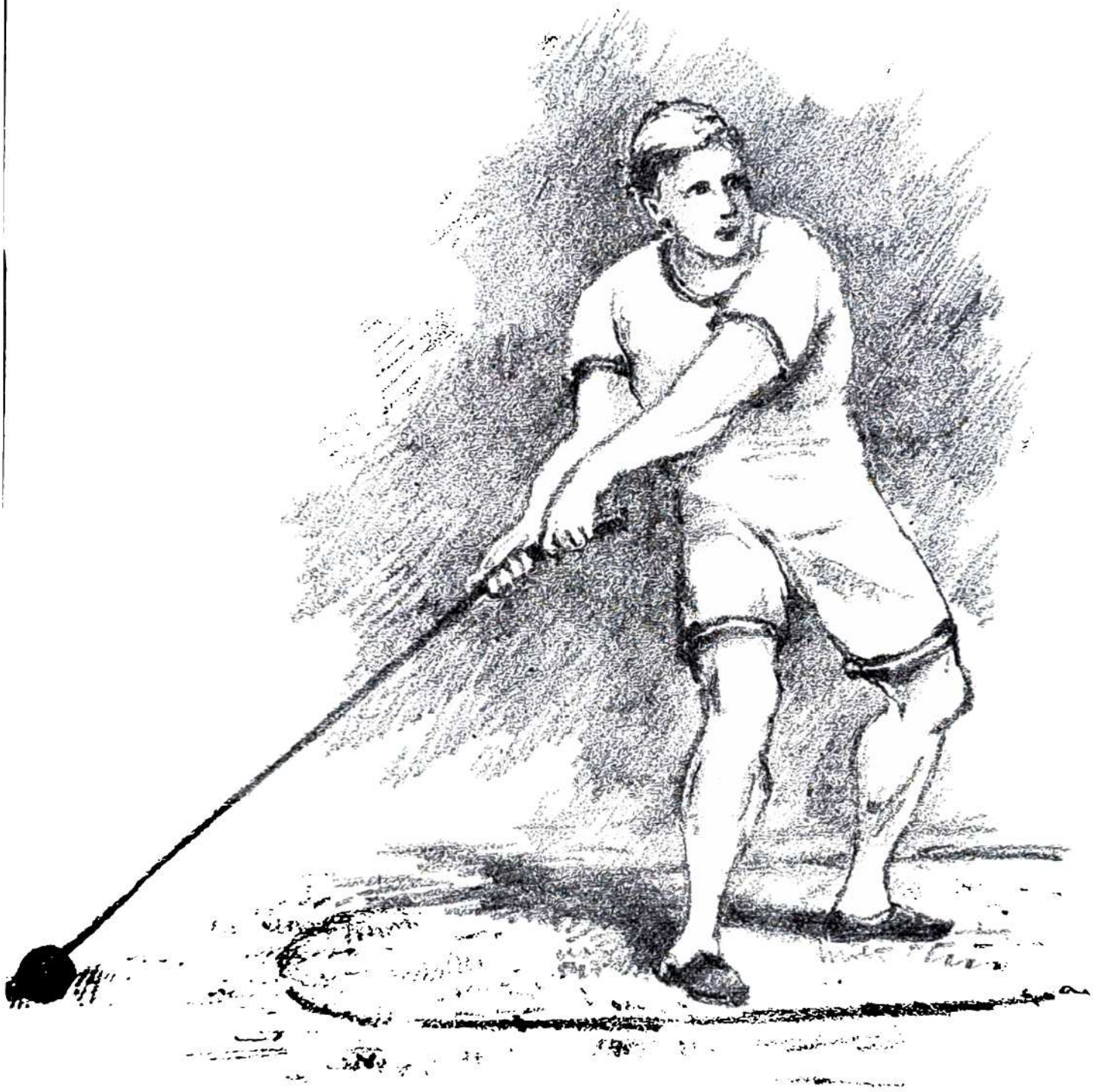
The promises of God are all yea and amen. "Let thy widows trust in me" was not said in the piping times of peace, or to a nation fighting with an honourable foe.. It was a promise given to Israel when suffering at the hands of the Edomites, a race so fiendish that a blessing was pronounced on the man who would root them out utterly from the earth. The promises of God are not broken reeds that fail in times of emergency; it is only in emergencies that we can know how strong they are. How could we trust His word anywhere or at any time if it were not valid for August, 1900, or were only valid outside Peking!

Men and women have rarely been more sorely pressed than the British were who were shut up in the Residency of Lucknow, hemmed in by scores of thousands of cruel men. Yet they neither yielded to their enemies' threats nor their own fears. When one or two of the officers asked their chief surgeon, the late Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart., for poison for themselves and their wives if the worst should come to the worst, he refused it to them. "I say unto you, my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more than they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear Him, which, after He hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear Him." Well it was for them that they had one to remind them that it was not their's to leave their post in any case till God Himself called them. And some of those men are alive to this day.

> Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven;
> 'Hold it for fifteen days!' we held it for eighty-seven!.
> And ever upon our topmost roof our banner of England blew.

But there is, and ever will be, a better flag than that over us, if we trust in Him, the banner of God's love. Ay, more than that, Jehovah Himself will be our banner.

> God is our refuge and our strength,
> In straits a present aid;
> Therefore, although the earth remove,
> We will not be afraid:
> Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
> Though waters roaring make,
> And troubled be; yea, though the hills
> By swelling seas do shake.



Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 10.

This man, who is throwing the hammer at a Highland Games Competition, in presence of several thousand spectators, does not go to Church because, he says, "he hasn't clothes, and a body likes to be decent when he has to appear before a lot of folks."

ONE evening, a few days ago, in one of our main streets, I saw two boys a little way off, one of whom was striking a match. "These two young rascals," I said to myself, "are going to smoke." So up I went to them, meaning to advise them as kindly as I could

not to smoke for, at least, a few years, till they should be fully grown, and wondering in my mind all the time whether they were of the kind that would take my remonstrance well or ill.

When I came up to them I found that the bigger of the two had a piece of glass in his foot, and the younger of them was digging it out with a pin, and they had lit the match to let them see better!

Now, when a man discovers that he is going to play the wrong tune, it is not enough that he should *not* play *it*; he ought to play the right one. When I saw that remonstrance was out of place, I should have changed the strings and said some word of sympathy and admiration, such as this:—

> How far that little candle throws his beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Alas! I was so taken aback that I said nothing. But I have often thought since that it was another lesson to me from the old text, *Judge not, that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.*

Lo! Children are God's Heritage.—Ps. 127, 3.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid, How many may you be?"

A Lesson for the Younger Boys and Girls in Large Families.

Continued from Page 107.

How many may you be?	
12	JOHANN LOEWE, 1796-1869, a great German musician and writer of ballad music, was the *twelfth* and youngest child of a schoolmaster. In his old age he was in a trance for six weeks. When he came out of it, he found a letter from the magistrates of Stettin lying on his table, asking him to resign his post of musical director to the city. His heart was buried near the organ on which he was wont to play.
13	JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD, 1730-1795, and Sir RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, 1732-1792, were each the youngest of *thirteen*. It was Wedgewood who made British pottery an art. Before his time, the dishes people took their food from were ugly, ill-shapen and ill-made. It is owing to him that lids fit, and spouts pour, and handles can be held, and plates are made so uniform that a dozen of them can be piled up without breaking. His third son, Thomas, was the discoverer of Photography, and his daughter Susannah was the mother of Charles Darwin. . . . ARKWRIGHT by his inventions made cotton-spinning one of the greatest of British industries. To him we owe, also, the development of *factories*, the system according to which there is division of labour and co-operation among many individuals. Arkwright was a poor man's son and had little education. When he was fifty he took two hours off his sleep to learn grammar and

How many may you be?

improve his writing and spelling. He used to work from five in the morning till nine at night. His wife's name was Patience Holt, and he had need of Patience, for few men had a harder life than he. The working classes burned his premises, and the wealthy stole his

13 conclusions by infringing his patents and driving him into law-suits.

14 ROBERT HALL, the Baptist Preacher, 1764-1831, was the youngest of *fourteen* children, of whom ten were sons. As a child he was so delicate that it was thought he could not live. He could neither talk nor walk till he was two years old, yet he lived to be one of the foremost of British orators. There was a burial-ground close to his father's house, and it was from the inscriptions on the tomb-stones that he was taught his letters by his nurse. When he was sixty-one he learned Italian that he might read Dante. His last text was *Luke 12, 15*, "Take heed and beware of covetousness." In the last part of that sermon he spoke of "the awful condition of a covetous man in relation to futurity."

15 Here are *Three Fifteenths;* only remember that that is not the same as *three-fifteenths!* 1. JOHN WESLEY, the founder of the Methodist Church. His mother, who we are told had an exacting way, gave him one day to learn his alphabet. He was a Communicant when he was eight years of age. Every morning his father made him run three times round the green at Charterhouse School, to strengthen his lungs. When he was 71, he thought preaching at five in the morning in the open air one of the most healthy exercises in the world. At 85 he could say he had never lost a night's sleep. In the course of his ministry he travelled 250,000 miles, and preached 40,000 sermons. He died in 1791, at the age of 88. Amongst his last words were—"The best of all is, God is with us." . . . . 2. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1706-1790. To his statesmanship, in great measure, the United States owes its independence; to him we owe, amongst many things, our lightning-conductors and some of our best-known proverbs. . . . . 3. The father of JOHN OWEN, the great Puritan divine, was the fifteenth son in succession in his father's family.

16 Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, 1769-1830, President of the Royal Academy, was the youngest of *sixteen*. His father, an innkeeper at Bristol, was one of those shiftless men who are always getting into debt, whom it is no charity to help. When his boy was only five years of age, he used to bring him in and set him on a table before his guests, saying, "Gentlemen here's my son. Will you have him recite from the poets or take your portraits.?"

Young Lawrence acquired fame very early. Before he was twelve his studio was the resort of the beauty and fashion of Bath. A few years later, while still a boy, he was allowing his father £300 a year, and in addition paying off a bond he had been cruelly asked to sign. Lawrence had a courtly manner, and was said never to have lost a sitter by painting a too faithful likeness. Like all flatterers he has had his reward. His works are now little esteemed. . . . THACKERAY'S GRANDFATHER was also a sixteenth child.

The Bramble Gatherers.

1	M	Be pitiful, be courteous (tenderhearted, humble-minded, *R. V.*)—*1 Pet. 3, 8.*
2	Tu	Wouldest thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive?
3	W	Set bread and water before them.—*2 Kings 6, 22.* During the Crimean war a Russian regiment subscribed money to buy white loaves for their British prisoners because they heard they could not eat the Russian black bread.
4	Th	The Lord looseth the prisoners.—*Ps. 146, 7.*
5	F	I say unto you, love your enemies.—*Matt. 5, 44.*
6	S	The ransomed of the Lord.—*Is. 35, 10.*
7	S	God is not unrighteous to forget our work.—*Heb. 6, 10.*
8	M	Thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.—*Acts 10, 4.*
9	Tu	A book of remembrance was written before Him.—*Mal. 3, 16.*
10	W	He saw them toiling.—*Mark 6, 48.*
11	Th	When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
12	F	Ye shall receive a crown of glory.—*1 Pet. 5, 4.* After Balaklava Lord Lucan named in a dispatch an aide-de-camp who had not been in any of the cavalry charges, and refused to mention a Lieut. Elliot who had received fourteen wounds, on the ground that he "disapproved of indiscriminate recommendations."
13	S	Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.—*Luke 19, 22.*
14	S	God is not a God of confusion, but of peace.—*1 Cor. 14, 33.* (*R. V.*)
15	M	Let all things be done decently.—*v. 40.*
16	Tu	Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order.—*2 Kings 20, 1.* Bishop
17	W	Thirlwall, a great English Greek scholar, called his library *chaos*, his books
18		and papers were in such disorder.
19		Set in order the things that are to be set in order.—*Ex. 40, 4.*
	Th	Thou shalt set the laver between the tent and the altar.
	F	And shalt put water therein.—*v. 7.*
20	S	According to the cleanness of my hands hath He recompensed me.—*Ps. 18, 20.*
21	S	The words of the Lord are pure words,—*Ps. 12, 6.* (*R. V.*)
22	M	As silver tried in a furnace on the earth, purified seven times.
23	Tu	The words of the wise are as nails well fastened.—*Eccl. 12, 11.* (*R. V.*)
24	W	Let your speech be always with grace,
25	Th	Seasoned with salt.—*Col. 4. 6.*
26	F	A fool's voice is known by the multitude of words.—*Eccl. 5, 3.*
27	S	Use not vain repetitions.—*Matt. 6, 7.* Coleridge said of a man that "he was terribly given to paying his pounds in coppers."
28	S	Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle?—*Ps. 15, 1.*
29	M	He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.
30	T	I will wash mine hands in innocency:—*Ps. 26, 6.*
31	W	So will I compass Thine altar. The late Mr. F. W. Crossley, the Manchester engineer, often went to the theatre when an apprentice pattern-maker at Newcastle, one of the doorkeepers, a fellow workman, letting him in free. When he came to Christ, he not only gave up going to the theatre, but, having calculated what he should have paid, sent no less than £50 to the company as compensation. But he refused, though they pressed him, to tell the doorkeeper's name.

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 11.

And they would not come.—Mat. 22, 3.

THE late Mr. T. E. Brown, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, author of 'Fo'c'sle Yarns,' tells, in a letter written in 1890, a story which he had heard from an Isle of Man boatman, named Christian.

"The fishermen were coming home from Shetland; twenty boats sheltering somewhere about Raasay in the Inner Hebrides. A great castle with a flag; a great lady invites all the Manxmen to dinner. Fancy—120 men and boys! *She had been in the Isle of Man, and the people were very kind to her.* Hence the invitation. *A terrible grand place, and the three-legs-of-Man cut in a stone over the door.* They accepted; the day came, the dinner was all ready; but not a man went.

They were that shy. Woodward, my sailing master, chimes in—'And that's the worst of the Manx! *shy*, that's it, *shy tremendous!* they can't help it, no!' Dinner waits, the pipers are impatient, but no Manxmen. 'Was it your clothes?' said I. 'Well, I can't exactly say; no, hardly that either; just *shy*.'

Great lady disappointed, but excellent and ingenious, invites them to tea; accepted; time comes, 'not a soul went, just one looking at the other.' Wind changes, up anchor, and away to the south. Two boats remain, and at last the great lady triumphs. These men went to tea at the castle, plucked up courage and went, and 'enjoyed themselves uncommon! aye, a terrible grand lady.'

"I wish I knew who she was. I think I would write to her, and thank her, and apologise to her for my countrymen. She might have been the Duchess of Sutherland, whose mother quartered the Manx arms on her shield; but then almost all the great Highland families do that."

Even so is the kingdom of heaven. It is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding; and they would not come. Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold I have prepared my dinner; my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready; come unto the marriage. *But they went their ways.*

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 112.)

What is thy name?

Charlotte

CHARLOTTE, like Caroline, is the feminine of Charles. The best known bearer of the name is perhaps the Princess who was the only child of George IV. and his wife Queen Caroline. In her childhood she was a "merry little girl, but as hot as pepper." Her parents quarrelled soon after she was born, and she was allowed to see her mother only two hours every week. She died at the age of twenty-one, in 1817, to the great sorrow of the nation, little more than a

What is thy name?

Charlotte

year after her marriage to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. She would have been queen of Great Britain if she had lived.

But a far greater Charlotte was MISS ELLIOTT, 1789-1871, who wrote the hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea." Dr. Cesar Malan of Geneva was the man who brought her to Christ. He had asked her at her father's house one day if she was a Christian, and the question annoyed her. After some time she herself renewed the conversation. "I do not know how to find Christ," she said, "I want you to help me." "Come to Him," said Dr. Malan, "*just as you are.*" That was the origin of a hymn that has had, and will have, such a history as only Eternity will unfold. Miss Elliott died at Brighton, having been an invalid for fifty years.

There was a famous Charlotte during the English Civil Wars in Charles' time, who was known as a great fighter. She was the daughter of a French duke of the house of Montpensier, and the wife of the seventh Earl of Derby. Yet "her birth was slight compared with the grandeur of her mind, and the heroism of her character."

Lest any Charlotte who reads this should get too proud, let me add as a warning this description of one, who lived a hundred years ago, from the *Memoirs of a Highland Lady:* "My cousin, Charlotte Leitch, was a mere rather pretty girl, nothing in particular."

A Sampler.

THEY say that the gathering of old samplers is one of the latest London crazes, and that good prices are sometimes given for specimens that are either very pretty or very quaint. Those of you that have them, however, will do better to keep them as heirlooms in your own families.

The one figured in the illustration tells its own tale, like every other sampler, at least in part. It is one of the smaller size, 12 inches by 10. The sewing is in red, yellow, and green silk, but much faded.

Every girl used to work one. It was a *sample*, in several ways, of what she could do. It was an illustration of her mastery over the needle, which is a "woman's pencil;" a proof of her scholarship, for did it not contain every letter of the alphabet, and every figure used in arithmetic, all in their proper order, and, like Felix Holt's mother's labels, "all right side up?" Like the page in the Family Bible, it was a genealogical record. The initials of all members of the family for at least three generations invariably formed part of it, and rightly so. The girl who takes no interest in the names and histories of those to whom she owes her being and her name has a poor idea of the meaning of life, and knows little of her duty either to God or man.

The initials of those who were married had a crown placed over them. The names of the dead were wrought in black—black silk, too, even though the rest of the sampler were done in wool. Crafty

far-seeing people, that is those who are always being outwitted, used silk also for the names of rich uncles and aunts who had money to leave, and had generally the joy of angrily plucking out their work years afterwards when the will was read and the money found to be

all left to some greedy, selfish, unprincipled, designing, low-minded, far-off cousins who did not care one penny for their aunt's or uncle's soul!

The flowers and trees in the samplers were reminiscent of paradise and the happy days when birds and beasts came at Adam's beck and call. (Didn't Milton murmur "Pretty!" when Mary Powell said that if Adam named the beasts it would be Eve that named the flowers?) Peacocks and deer were special favourites with girls, their heads and tails being particularly helpful for letting people know what animals were meant. There was almost always, too, the picture of a happy home, into which, if God so willed it, every girl hoped to enter some day as a bride, bringing with her as part of her "providing" the blankets and household linen, spun by her own hand, and all adorned with the capital letter — in Old English character, greater or smaller as the article demanded — which formed the initial of her husband's name.

How long these samples took to do one can only vaguely guess. A large one, which I saw the other day, took the lady who did it, so she told me, nearly two hours' work every day for almost a year.

Three generations ago religion and education went hand in hand all day in every well-conducted home and school. I have an old book of 108pp., which was supposed to serve a child from its entering to its leaving school. After the alphabet and a few letter-combinations come ninety-three reading lessons, mostly prose, and, excepting two or three of Æsop's Fables, all taken more or less directly from the Bible. The last lesson of all, the reading of which was a scholar's highest attainment, consists of Nehemiah 10, 1-27, being the list of those who signed the covenant with God. And here are the first and second lessons.

"My Son, do ill to no Man, and do not go in the Way of bad Men; for bad Men go on in Sin all the Day."

"My Son, go in the Way of God, for the Way of God is not an ill Way. You are not a bad Boy, if you go in the Way of God."

In the third lesson the child is praying ere he knows it.

"Let me not go in an ill Way; let me go far out of it. Let ill Men be far out of my Way, and let my Joy be in thy Law, O God, all the Day."

So, in many old samplers there are verses from the Bible, from the 23rd or the 128th Psalms, for example. In one dated 1781 occur these lines which, however, read more impressively in red silk than in cold black ink:

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in Wisdom's way,
To fear a Lie, to speak the Truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

In another there is the second last verse of Proverbs, "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." And in another the 5th verse of the 49th paraphrase, and the riddle from *Pilgrim's Progress*:

A man there was tho' some
do count him mad,
The more he cast away
the more he had.

Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 11.

This boy's mother would not let him go to Church last Sabbath, his toothache was so bad, and this is the way he spent the day.

A Wet Sabbath.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.—Eccl. 11, 4.

SABBATH, 7th of last month, was our Communion Day, and one of the wettest of a very wet and stormy week. About half-past ten, however, the clouds lifted for a little, at least over some parts of the town, and those who were willing and ready got easily and comfortably to church. There were frequent blasts throughout the day, but there were many dry intervals, and once or twice something even that looked like sunshine to those who were of generous mind.

On the Monday after, during a downpour, I took refuge under an archway for a few minutes with a man whom I knew, who was going into town on the chance of hearing some of the later election results. He had been reading the speeches of some of the chief politicians, and the leading articles in some of the papers that favoured the side he was opposed to, and had been struck —as well he might be—by their unfairness and their foolishness. "Such pitiful reasoning, I never came across in all my born days."

Presently, as was inevitable, we talked about the weather. "Did you ever see such a day as yesterday?" he said. "The rain kept me from church all day."

"Not the rain," I said, "but the fear of rain."

"How?" he asked.

"The rain stopped about half-an-hour before church time," I answered, "and it held off when your church was coming out."

"You are quite wrong," he said.

"No; I myself got to church and back, I may say, dryshod. There wasn't more than a minute's rain either coming or going."

"Now, now," he said, "I saw you myself from my window, and you had your umbrella up."

"Quite so, I know that. The drip off the trees deceived me as I left my house, and I put my umbrella up, and kept it so till I noticed there was no need of it. I was like a man with neuralgia who keeps on groaning mechanically after his neuralgia is gone."

"And do you mean to say," he said, "that a man should go to church on a pouring wet day though he is suffering from neuralgia?"

"No, no," I said "you have taken me up wrong; I was only using a simile; I meant to say that a man sometimes puts up his umbrella and forgets to put it down."

"Because," he continued, "I think there you go too far. You are always going too far. I suppose you think a man should go twice a day to church though it was thunder, and lightning, and rain, and six feet of snow, and he himself had a broken leg, and three of his children were down with scarlet fever?"

"My dear Sir," I replied, "your mind is not in as receptive a mood as usual this morning." (That is a delightfully kind way of telling a man he is just a little—stupid! I picked it up lately from a friend who said it to myself; and I liked it though it made me wince.)

"What I said was, that I got to church yesterday and got home again almost without a drop of rain."

"With all due respect to you," was his answer, "I say that I looked out on the pavement on the opposite side of the street from my house, and it never ceased pouring from morning till night."

"I don't deny," I said, "that the pavement opposite your house was wet; and it is perfectly possible, and even quite conceivable, that it was raining on that piece of pavement all day; but the pavement on your own side of the street which faces the south, which you can't see for your wall, was perfectly dry when I came home in the afternoon, and there was no rain on the road to the church in the morning. You say it rained on that particular bit of pavement; I say that on the pavements which were the path of duty it did not rain."

"That's the newest doctrine," he answered, "that I have heard for some time. It doesn't rain on the people who go to church! Why did you take your umbrella with you? I thought the Bible itself said that it rains both on the just and the unjust!"

"True, but it doesn't say it is *always* raining either on the one or on the other, and all I said, or at least meant to say, was this, that, whether I be just or unjust, as a fact it was not raining on me last Sabbath either from 10.30 to 10.45 a.m., or from 4.10 to 4.25 p.m., and it wouldn't have been raining on you either if you had done your duty and gone to church, Surely I may be permitted to say that?"

"And all I say," he replied, "is this—that if, as you say, it never rains on those who are in the path of duty—the people of Greenock are in a perilous state!"

. . . . .

What was the use of saying any more?

'Twas only throwing words away, for still
The foolish man would have his will.

But I should not wonder if my friend is going about saying, that he used to think that politicians were the most illogical of men, but that ministers can beat them hollow—that he actually heard one of them say, the other day, that—&c., &c.

"And the bridegroom came, *and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage.*"

Girls that have Something still to Learn.

No. 11.—The Girl who "can't be bothered untying knots."

MRS. BENSON, wife of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, checked her nephew one day for the pains he was taking in untying a piece of string that had been put round a parcel of books. "William," she said—so her son tells the story—"you are as bad as my husband. String is cheap, and both of you waste time which is not cheap."

"You misunderstand the position," her nephew smilingly answered; "it's not a question of waste at all. Untying a parcel is an act of virtue, and one must continually exercise

oneself in small virtues; you ignore the moral effect"—a reply which the Archbishop approved.

There are, of course, occasions when a knot must be undone instantly, and cutting it may be the shortest way. But as a rule a knot should be loosened. And if some one standing by, doing nothing, says, "You are saving string but wasting time," you should say, "It is not wasting time; that is what time is given for; it is given to do what is right; you might as well say to a woman 'You are making porridge or darning stockings, but you are wasting time which is of more value.'"

Untying knots is not only a lesson in thrift, but also in patience and in perseverance, which, as one has said, is patience in motion.

But we should also remember that God made things capable of being tied and knotted, and has taught men how to do it, and it is as much a sin to *make* a knot carelessly as it is to cut it impatiently.

Lo! Children are God's Heritage.—Ps. 127, 3.

A Lesson for the Younger Boys and Girls in Large Families.

Continued from Page 118.

How many may you be?

17 SEVENTEENTH children who became distinguished do not seem to be very plentiful. I have found only one instance, EDWIN OCTAVIUS TREGELLES, 1806-1886. The man who was a Quaker preacher, a teetotaler, a philanthrophist, a civil engineer, the man who superintended the first introduction of gas into many English towns, and had such a man as the well-known Biblical scholar, Dr. Samuel Tregelles, for a nephew, and for a wife had an Irish lady whose first name was Jenepher, may not have attained greatness, but he certainly achieved a singular union and conjunction of some uncommon attributes!

18 BEILBY PORTEOUS, 1731-1808, Bishop of London, was the *eighteenth* child in a family of nineteen. One feels as if there were a second-rate ring about his name, and yet he did good work. He befriended negro slaves when friendship for them was unfashionable. He strove to free Roman Catholics from penal laws, but opposed what was known as Catholic Emancipation, rightly considering that it was one thing to grant them toleration, and quite another to give them political power. He was, further, a great lover of the Sabbath, and by personal appeal to George IV. and ladies of rank, succeeded in putting an end to the holding of concerts on that day in London. He founded several prizes at Oxford, one of them a medal for the best reader of the Scriptures at morning worship at his own old College of Christ Church. And it was an extract from one of his sermons on the godly instruction of the young that led to the founding of the Norrisian Chair of Divinity at Cambridge.

18 JAMES KEIR, 1735-1820, was the youngest of the eighteen children of a Stirlingshire gentleman. He is little heard of now, but was held in honour, both for his discoveries in chemistry and for his personal character, by such famous men as Priestley, Erasmus Darwin, Boulton, Watt, and Sir Humphrey Davy. He was for a time in the army, but left it, discouraged by the want of sympathy shown to him by his brother officers in the scientific study of his profession. He was very unfortunate, curiously enough, in the matter of fires. The manuscript of a work on the Art of War was burned at his publishers'. In 1807 his house was burned when he was from home. And twenty-five years after his death most of his correspondence with distinguished men perished in a fire at his daughter's residence.

THESE two boys have each a string with a lump of clay at the end of it, and they are fishing for a marble that has gone down a grating. The one thinks it is no use trying any more, but the other says, "*Try, try, try again.*" And, ten to one, he will find it!

1	TH	The devils believe that God is one, and shudder.—*James 2, 19 (R. V.)*
2	F	Resist the devil, and he will flee.—*Ch. 4, 7.* "General Grant said that the first few times he went into action he felt very frightened of the enemy, but one day he saw some of them dodging behind trees and rocks, and he cried, 'They are frightened too!' and he went at them, and made them run, and he never felt frightened again." *Baden-Powell's Aids to Scouting.*
3	S	He gave them power over all devils.—*Luke 9, 1.*
4	S	The rulers of the earth take counsel together against the Lord.
5	M	He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh;
6	TU	The Lord shall have them in derision.—*Ps. 2.*
7	W	A wicked man winketh.—*Prov. 6, 13.*
8	TH	They said, Aha, aha!—*Ps. 35, 21.* Thomas Fuller says of one, "Being a politician he used to flutter most on that place which was furthest from his eggs."
9	F	He hath said in his heart, God will never see it.
10	S	Thou hast seen it; for Thou beholdest mischief.—*Ps. 10, 11.*
11	S	He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.—*Ps. 9, 12.*
12	M	Talk no more so exceeding proudly.—*1 Sam. 2, 3.*
13	TU	Let not arrogancy come out of your mouth. "At 20, Gounod the great French musician said, 'Gounod'; at 30, 'Gounod and Mozart'; at 40, 'Mozart and Gounod'; and at 50, 'Mozart.'" *Grant Duff's Reminiscences.*
14	W	Before honour is humility.—*Prov. 15, 33.*
15	TH	The Lord hateth a proud look.—*Prov. 6, 17.*
16	F	The Lord hath purposed to stain the pride of all glory.—*Is. 23, 9.*
17	S	The Lord alone shall be exalted in that day.—*Ch. 2, 11.*
18	S	Thou shalt teach these words diligently unto thy children.—*Deut. 6, 7.*
19	M	And shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house,
20	TU	And when thou walkest by the way. Dr. Chalmers once said, "Everything I have ever done has been done by *iteration.*
21	W	And when thou liest down,
22	TH	And when thou risest up. On one occasion Chief Baron Kelly, who had been very inattentive, said to Mr. Cole, Q.C., the advocate who was speaking, "Mr. Cole, you have told us that three times already." "Yes, my lord, and it was necessary I should do so."
23	F	And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house.
24	S	But My people would not hearken to My voice.—*Ps. 81, 11.*
25	S	And God saw everything that He had made,
26	M	And, behold, it was very good.—*Gen. 1, 31.*
27	T	My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me.—*John 4, 34.*
28	W	Study to shew thyself approved unto God.—*2 Tim. 2, 15.*
29	TH	A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.
30	F	A man diligent in his business.—*Prov. 22, 29.* "Among my thoughts as I looked at the town of Leicester was one of pride that I had climbed fully three parts of the myriad of chimneys I then beheld; that, too, I had swept them better than any other lad."—*Elson's The last of the Climbing Boys.*

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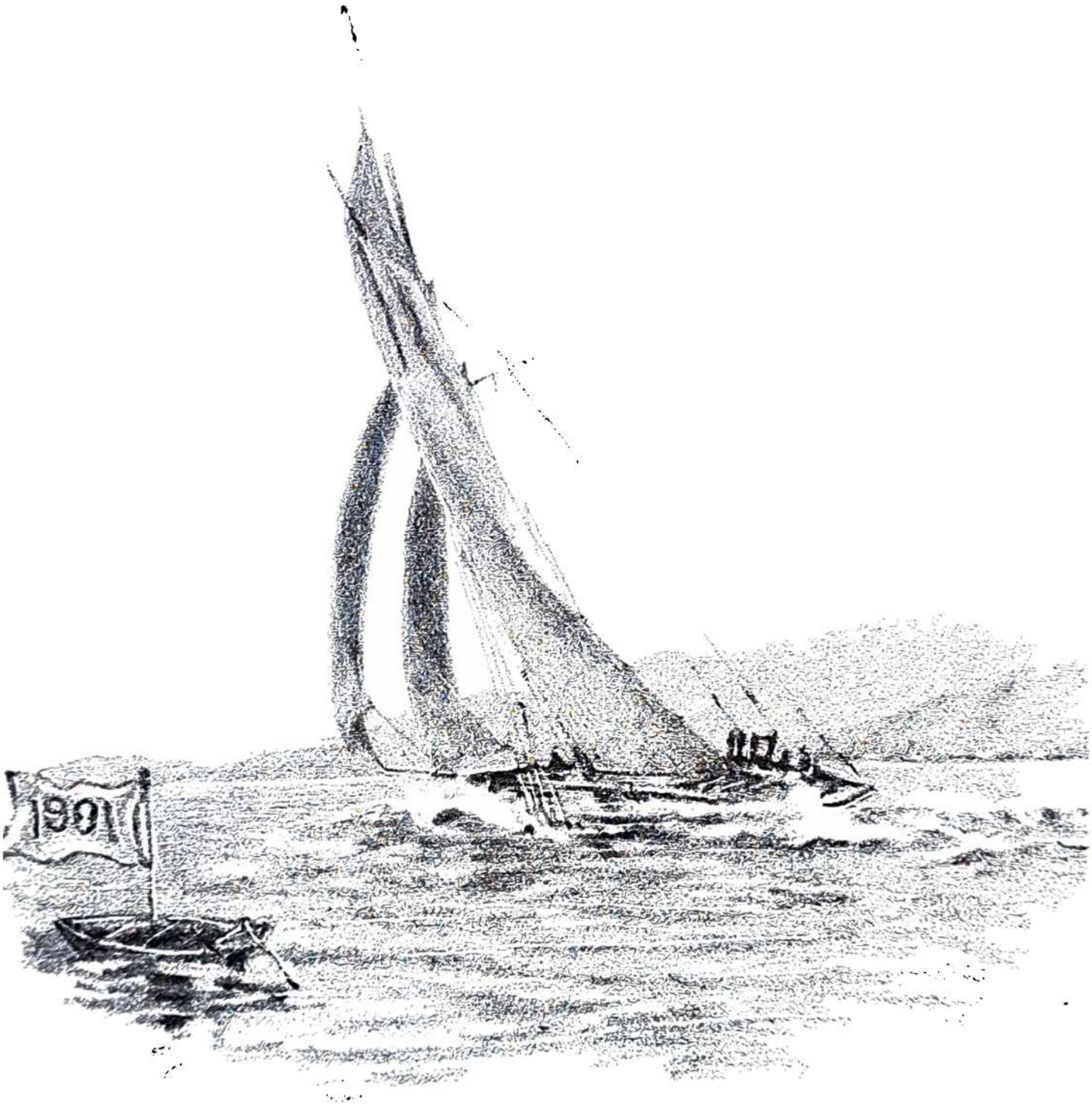


Securing A Good Start.

"The Morning Watch" for 1900, being Volume XIII., with Index, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

The first Nine Volumes are out of print, but those for 1897, '98, and '99, may still be had. Price, One Shilling each.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Son.

A Flying Start.

WHEN a cyclist wishes to see how long he takes to do a mile, he may either mount his bicycle at the line, and start from a state of rest, or go back a hundred and fifty yards or so, and beginning there, cross the starting line at his utmost speed. This latter is called *a flying start.* It saves him several seconds, as you can see. In the same way, when men are running a 100 yards race they start now-a-days—it was the Americans who found this out—not from a standing position as they used to do, but crouching forward, with their hands or fingers on the ground, like Kangaroos.

This not only keeps them from crossing the line too soon, and so being "penalized," that is, put back a yard before the next start, but it lets them lift themselves and begin the race with a bound. They say it is worth thirty inches of a start, and thirty inches is a good deal in a hundred yards.

God wishes us to begin the New Century with a flying start. He has been calling to us loudly as a nation all this year—by war, by plague, by famine, by disasters and defeats, by victories and triumphs, by the Union of Churches, and in many other great and solemn ways. He has also spoken privately to every one of us. He wishes us to run the race set before us, and win the crown of eternal life. Don't say, "If I am spared I hope to begin when the First of January comes." The way to begin the New Year well is to end the Old Year well. Begin to-day, begin *now*, begin *this very moment.* Say to Christ, "Pardon all my sins and make me Thine," and keep on saying that, and ask Him to tell you what to do. Cross the line that divides the centuries at full speed, like a yacht well timed and well handled, with all possible sail set.

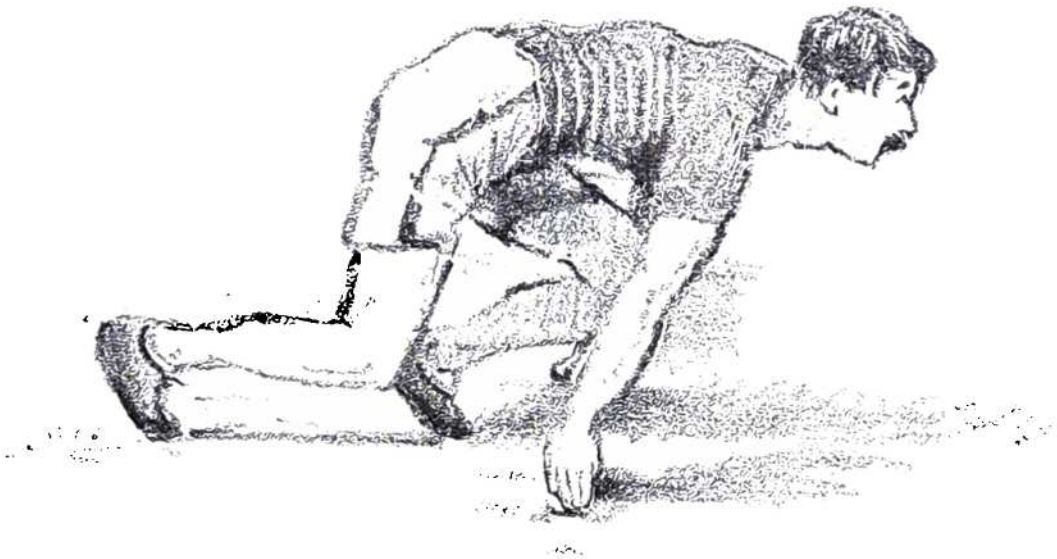
Remember what old Donald Cargill the Covenanter said, when some one congratulated him on a wonderful leap he made over the linn of Ericht, near Blairgowrie, when his enemies were after him. "Ay, it was a good loup, but I took a long race to it; I ran a' the way frae Perth!"—fifteen miles!

The harder you run this December, the better it will be for you when January comes.

I thought upon my former ways,
And did my life well try;

And to Thy testimonies pure
My feet then turned I.

I did not stay, nor linger long,
As those that slothful are;
But hastily Thy laws to keep
Myself I did prepare.



What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 123.)

What is thy name?

Christian

CHRISTIAN, CHRISTINA, and CHRISTIANA are all forms of one name, the last, which is most common in England, owing its popularity to *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

There was an Earl of Devonshire, three hundred years ago, who helped to secure the crown of England for James I. When he married, it was James who gave away the bride. She was named CHRISTIAN, a daughter of a Scotch Lord Bruce. She survived her husband, and lived a widow for six-and-forty years. They had a son, Charles, General of the Horse, of whom an old writer says: "The sun beheld not a youth of more manly figure and more winning presence. He fell at Gainsborough, and was interred at Newark, where, thirty years after, when by the will of his mother, his corpse was removed to follow hers to Derby, the lamentations were as great at parting with the remains of their hero as at their first consignment to the grave."

There is a CHRISTIAN LUNDY buried in Melrose Abbey, on whose gravestone are these lines:—

Lament for syn and still thou murn (mourn)
For to the clay quho live man turn (those who live must turn).

What is thy name?

Christian

CHRISTIAN, daughter of the first Earl of Haddington, wife of Lord Boyd, was one of the honourable women who cast in their lot with the Scottish Covenanters. She was one of Rutherford's friends. "She used every night to write what had been the case of her soul all the day, and what she had observed of the Lord's dealing."

The mother of the first Marquis of Dalhousie was a CHRISTINA, daughter of Charles Broun of Colstoun, near Haddington. Her son was one of the greatest of the men who have governed India. He left that country in 1856, worn out with labour, a dying man, though only forty-four years of age. On his last Sabbath in Calcutta he was so weak that he had to be carried to the gallery in the Scotch church in a chair.

I shall only mention further CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830-1894, a godly woman and a sweet singer, whom many would put in the foremost rank of English poetesses.

Clara

CLARA, which means *bright, glorious*, is not a common name, but any girl who bears it may feel proud when she thinks of CLARA HOGG, the mother of the ever-to-be-remembered brave and good Brigadier John Nicholson, who commanded the main storming party at the fall of Delhi on the 14th September, 1857, and died of wounds received in the assault nine days after, in his thirty-sixth year. When Nicholson was a little boy he heard his mother say one day that she would not call on certain people, "they were so bad." "Mother," he said "doesn't the Bible say that God makes His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust?"

Three other Claras may be mentioned: 1. The mother of Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian mathematician and physician of the sixteenth century. She was very cruel to her son, as was also her sister Margherita who used to beat him so unmercifully that he often "wondered if she had any skin on her own body, she had so little pity on his." 2. The sister of Dean Mansel, the philosopher. He and his sisters often played, when children, at the siege of Troy. He was Achilles, but the siege was at last discontinued "because Eleanor objected to being dragged by the heels round the walls, while Clara, a heroine, but within reasonable bounds, declined parting with her hair in order to supply the besieged with bow-strings." 3. Clara Wieck, wife of the famous musical composer Schumann, was herself one of the greatest of German pianists. Her husband first met her in 1832, when she was thirteen, and described her in a letter to a friend as "perfection." But it was only towards the end of his life, when his mind had given way, that the full beauty of her character appeared. He died in her arms in 1856, aged 46.

Two years gone, and only twenty-three names done! You, whose names begin with later letters of the Alphabet, the Susans, Ursulas, Violets, Winifreds, will perhaps lose heart, and stop the *Morning Watch*, and not take it in again till, say, 1910, and I could not blame you. But this I hope, that before 1910 comes round, some of you, by God's grace, will have done something to qualify you for appearing yourselves with honour in the list.

Reasons for not going to Church. 2nd Series—No. 12.

This lad, whose favourite pastime is sculling, does not go to Church because the seats are so narrow, and so awkwardly constructed, that he can't sit in them without bringing his knees nearly up to his chin, "and that," he adds, "is neither a comfortable nor a graceful attitude."

[For this "Reason" I am indebted to the wit of a friend at Cambridge, late Stroke of his College "Eight."]

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

No. 12.—The Boy who kicks tin cans along the street.

WE have all done it, and now some of us wonder why. No doubt it gives one the sense of power, power that produces a visible, and, what is more, an audible result. When a can goes clanging and tinkling along the street the whole world is witness that one has done something. One not only strikes the target, as it were, but rings the bell. Hence our love of a splash, or an explosion.

I have seen a good old man over seventy shaking with laughter over a trick he had played in his boyhood. There was an old lady, the entrance to whose house was by a covered wooden stair which she kept as clean as the chairs and table in her kitchen. She used to lie in wait to catch and cuff the boys who marked it with their feet, and, of course, they plagued her all the

more. And their favourite way was this. Having tied a rope round the biggest stone they could find, one of them, "putting on his bare feet," carried it silently to the top of the stair, and then stole down again. Then they pulled the rope, and it was the thought of the old lady's anger as she heard the bump—bump—bump of the stone down the wooden steps that made the old man, perhaps I should say the old man *in* the old man, laugh. Wooden stairs are not common now, else I should not have put you up to this form of mischief!

God gave us our feet, no doubt, for kicking, as well as for walking, and running, and leaping, and swimming, and climbing. There is a time and a place for football, and a way of playing it to the glory of God, as well as to our own delight, and the joy of lookers-on. But it may be questioned if a tin can was meant to be a football. The noise it makes causes actual pain to many people. You will find that out if you are spared to be old, and maybe before that, some day when you are lying ill yourselves, or watching some one whose only chance of recovery lies in sleep. And a tin can is not good for boots and shoes. Your fathers work hard for every penny that they earn, and your mothers work even harder to make the penny go as far as possible. In one minute you may waste an hour's earnings, or a week's savings, and it isn't fair of you. Remember always that that is a poor joke or a poor game at which the laughing is all on one side.

Phemie Todd's Sucker.

ISN'T it an odd thing that what we call a "game" consists in trying to overcome a difficulty which we ourselves have made? There is nothing to hinder a little girl from walking or jumping or simply sitting still. These are easy things to do. But she gets a rope and other two girls to hold it and swing it over her head and under her feet on the pavement, and she calls that "playing at the skipping-ropes." Then they get another rope and make it twice as hard, or other girls come and they play at "leads"—which I think as pretty a game to watch as I know—and they try to puzzle one another and to make things as difficult as they can. So, too, with boys. They set up three wickets which they could quite easily knock down if they wished, but they stand twenty-two yards off and aim at them, and as if that weren't hard enough, they give another boy a big broad bat to protect the wickets! Grown-up men play at bowls, and what is to hinder them from carrying as many bowls in their hands as they choose, and placing them carefully all round the "jack"? But they go away back, or send the jack away forward, and get bowls which won't run straight, and then try to knock one another out, or lie in front in one another's way. That is to say, they create as many difficulties as they can, and call it good fun to try and overcome them.

Look at Phemie Todd there.

There was nothing to prevent her from going straight home. But she gets a piece of leather with a string through the middle of it, and wets it, and presses it on the ground, and then tries to pull it away, and

the firmer it holds the more pleased she is. When it comes away, she wets it and presses it down again, and again!

May we not say that *work*, on the other hand, consists in overcoming difficulties which God has put in our way? If we believed in His love and in His promises, might not the overcoming of *His* difficulties be as great a pleasure to us as the overcoming of *our own?* Might not all work be a form of play, with God for our Companion?

Phemie Todd got a fright the other day. Her "sucker" held so firmly that she could not pull it away, and I had to do it for her. She thought she would have to leave it; her very success in doing what she wanted to do was the worst failure she could have made! She had got hold of a prisoner, like the man in the Peninsular War, who wouldn't let her go; or like Carlyle's mother's friend, who didn't know where to hide her twenty shilling-pieces, she might have said, "They have trouble that *have* the world, as much as they that *haven't* it."

You know what makes the sucker cling to the stone? Don't say it is *suction*, for the word suction means nothing. There is no such thing.

Air has a certain weight. On every square inch of anything on the earth's surface there is a pressure of fifteen pounds. Every grown-up man carries a load of nearly 15 tons of air. That is one of our "unconscious burdens." We do not feel it, because the pressure is the same in all directions, and the air permeates our bodies. When a sucker, therefore, is pressed on a stone and the string pulled, there is formed a *vacuum* between the centre of the leather and the stone, that is, there is a space in which there is no air, but the air outside presses down the leather on the stone and keeps the two from separating. In the same way we sometimes find it difficult to lift an ornament off a smooth mantel-piece and we say there has been something sticky on it. But it is not that. It is because the bottom of the ornament and the top of the marble are so smooth that no air can get in between them, and the air above and outside them presses them together. The feet of many insects are made on this principle. They walk with their head downwards, because, like Phemie Todd, they have suckers to play with. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches.

The other little girl beside Phemie does not, properly speaking, come into this narrative, but as it is hardly fair to introduce the one and not the other, I may tell you that her name is Mary Ann Hughes, not a bad little lassie.

THE late Robert Louis Stevenson happening to use the phrase, "the domain of faith," in a letter to his old nurse, written on New Year's Day, 1886, adds—"and whether on the first of January or the thirty-first of December, faith is a good word to end on."

Lo! Children are God's Heritage.—Ps. 127, 3.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"

A Lesson for the Younger Boys and Girls in Large Families.

Concluded from Page 131.

How many may you be?

19 CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, the poet of Methodism, was the last of a family of *nineteen*, and was so delicate at birth that it was thought he could not live. A rich namesake in Ireland offered to adopt him when he was a boy, but he refused. The lad who was chosen in his stead became the Earl of Mornington who was grandfather to the Duke of Wellington. For a time Charles Wesley resented the earnest talk of his brother John, saying, "What! would you have me a saint all at once?" He wrote about 6,500 hymns, of which they say 500 are still in constant use in England. "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," "Jesus, lover of my soul," and "Hark! the herald angels sing," were all written by him.

20 DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE and his sister were the only children of a family of twenty who survived infancy. Philip was the youngest of the family, and was so weak when born that he was "thrown aside as dead," and would have died had there not been a wise and loving servant in the house. He was born in London in 1702, and died at Lisbon in 1751. His grandfather gave up a living of £200 a year for conscience sake, being one of the ministers, nearly two thousand in number, who left the Church of England in 1662, when the Act of Uniformity was passed, an act which demanded the assent of the clergy to the Prayer-book in its newly-revised and anti-Protestant form. This minister had several brothers, one of them, Sir John Doddridge, a well-known judge, and another, whose name *Pentecost*, shows what his parents were in more ways than one. Philip's father was a merchant, whose wife was the only child of John Bauman, a Bohemian preacher who left home, friends, and estate, through his love to Protestantism. In his flight, disguised as a peasant, he carried with him nothing but a hundred pieces of gold in a belt, and a copy of Luther's German Bible. In his wanderings, he one day forgot all about his belt, leaving it lying on the floor of an inn. Carelessness about valuables seems to have run in the family blood, but happily a maid this time also came to the rescue, though in another way—the belt having been thrown into a press amongst a heap of rubbish. The Bible, in 2 vols., is still in the possession of his descendants. It has three texts written on the fly-leaf—Heb. 11, 26; Ps. 119, 72; and Heb. 6, 12. Mr. Bauman found his way eventually to London, and set up as a schoolmaster.

His only daughter was Philip Doddridge's mother. Philip was eager to be a minister, but, on the advice of the famous Edmund Calamy, who thought his health would not stand the strain of study, he resolved to give himself to law. Before finally committing

How many may you be?

20

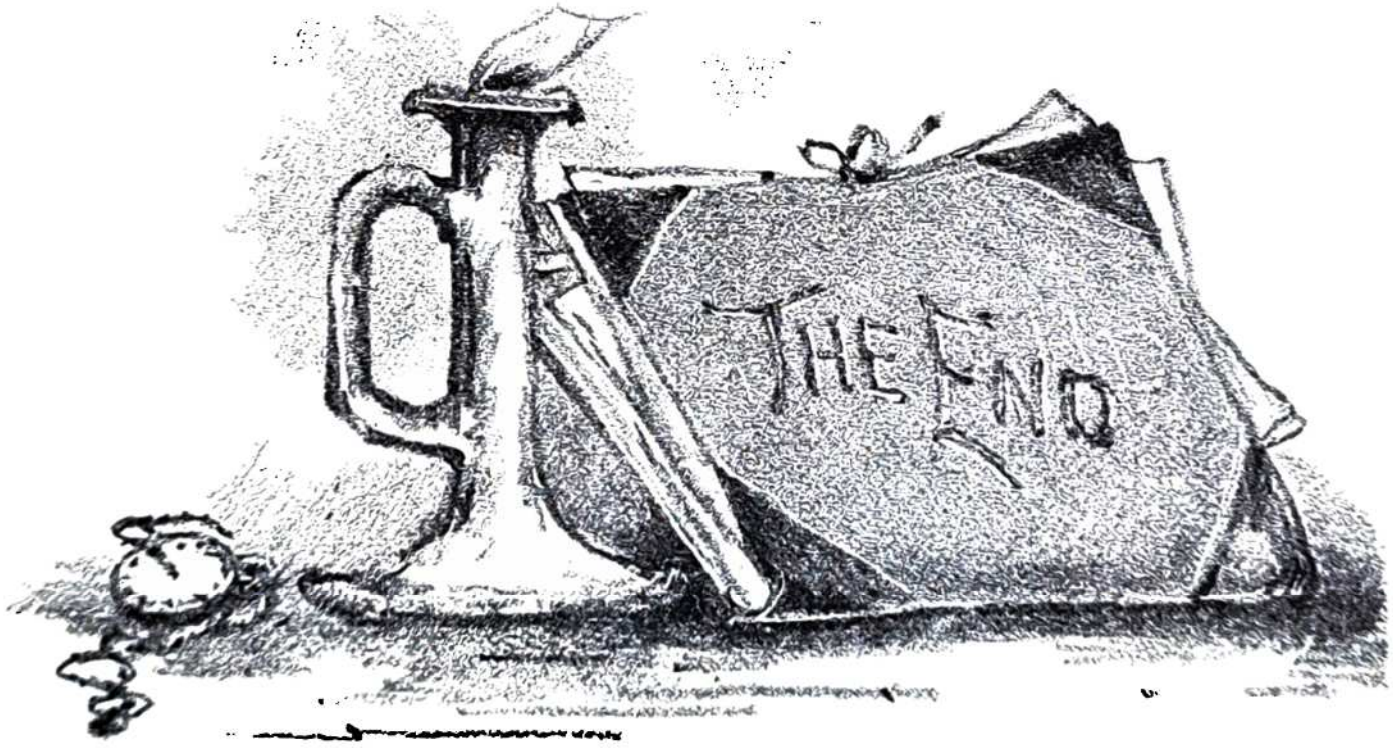
himself, however, he spent one morning in prayer for direction, and while he was on his knees a letter came from a friend, a Mr. Clark, offering to bear all charges if he would consent to become a preacher of the Gospel.

Doddridge spent most of his ministerial life at Northampton. His best known book is *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.* It was the reading of it that helped to bring William Wilberforce to Christ. Doddridge himself owed his conversion in measure to a book left by a beggar at his door, Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, while Baxter was led to the Saviour by Bunny's *Resolutions* and Sibbs' *Bruised Reed.* Andrew findeth Simon, and Philip findeth Nathanael.

Doddridge wrote poetry too. One of his epigrams was a special favourite with Dr. Johnson:

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be—
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

Of his hymns the best known are, *Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes*, and *O God of Bethel, by Whose hand*; to have written either of which was itself to have done a good life's work.



1	S	Abraham said, Here am I.—*Gen. 22, 11.* "I am always ready as a soldier on the march to a battle, so that I can start at once. The pockets of my coats and trousers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food; this bread is changed every day."—*The Amir of Afghanistan's Diary.*
2	S	Thy people offer themselves willingly.—*Ps. 110, 3 (R.V.)*
3	M	Ye call Me Master and Lord; for so I am.—*John 13, 13.*
4	Tu	If I be a master, where is My fear?—*Mal. 1, 6.*
5	W	Ye are not your own.—*1 Cor. 6, 19.*
6	Th	I am Thine.—*Ps. 119, 94.* Once in a battle, the Russian artillery, urgently needed to save the day, was stopped by a deep ditch. The soldiers thereupon flung themselves in till the ditch was full, and the artillery galloped over their bodies.
7	F	Make a highway for our God.—*Is. 40, 3.*
8	S	Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death.—*Phil. 1, 20.*
9	S	Do ye not remember?—*Mark 8. 18.* This was a week of dark days last year: Gatacre at Stormberg; Methuen at Magersfontein; Buller at the Tugela.
10	M	Remember how thou provokedst the Lord thy God.—*Deut. 9, 7.*
11	Tu	Remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee,
12	W	To humble thee,
13	Th	And to prove thee,
14	F	To know what was in thine heart.—*Deut. 8, 2.*
15	S	Pay thy vows unto the Most High.—*Ps. 50, 12.*
16	S	The children of Ephraim, being armed, and carrying bows, turned back.
17	M	They kept not the covenant of God,
18	Tu	And forgat His works, and His wonders.
19	W	Marvellous things did He.
20	Th	And they sinned yet more against Him.
21	F	When He slew them, then they sought Him.
22	S	Nevertheless they lied unto Him with their tongues.—*Ps. 78.*
23	S	O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days:
24	M	Thy years are throughout all generations.—*Ps. 102, 24.*
25	T	My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle,
26	W	And are spent without hope.—*Job 7, 6.*
27	Th	My days are swifter than a post:—*Job 9, 25.*
28	F	They flee away, they see no good. It was said of one of the Refugee Covenanting ministers in Holland that "the sun stood still all the time wherein he had no design for God going on."
29	S	There is no work in the grave.—*Eccl. 9, 10.*
30	S	Yet a little while am I with you.—*John 7, 33-37.*
31	M	In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying: IF ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME, AND DRINK.

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